THE BEE
WASHINGTON

VOL. XXXI NO 29 WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY DECEMBER 17 1910

DEMOCRATIC JUBILEE

COLORED DEMOCRATS MEET.

The National Political Union Listens to a Speech by Its President, L. C. Moore.

At a large-attended meeting of the National Political Union, held at 524 Eighth street northwest Saturday evening, Dec. 4, L. C. Moore, President, presiding and R. E. Gilchrist, Secretary, resolutions were adopted indorsing Hon. Champ Clark of Missouri, for Speaker of the Democratic House of Representatives. After the transaction of other business, Mr. L. C. Moore, formerly of the Mississippi Legislature and President of the League, was introduced and said among other things the following:

"First of all, my friends, I wish to thank you for the confidence and honor you have bestowed upon me by placing me at the head of the oldest colored Democratic Club in the United States. Thirty-four years in the Democratic party and 18 years at the head of this Club, and a delegate representing you at two National Democratic Club conventions, convinces me of your confidence in my limited ability to lead you and our race out of political bondage. I have done my very best, and on the 8th of November we crossed the Red Sea. Our independent brothers, led by bishops, elders, lawyers and doctors, did much good in giving us a larger delegation in Congress than we anticipated, for which we extend to them our hearty congratulations. We will receive them with open arms, and give them a political baptism, if they continue faithful to their race and the principles of the Democratic party until we have elected a Democratic President, which is sure to be unless Mississippi goes Republican, and I don't think she will.

"My friends who have stood the burden in the heat of the day for the betterment of your race and country, I bid you continue, for the darkest cloud is just before the break of day. I know what it costs to be a Negro Democrat. You must not pay attention to burlesque and critics. Noah had them when he was building the ark; John the Baptist had them; Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln had them. 6—BEE

But they left us a Christian country and a Democratic Republican form of government to be administered for all the people, regardless of nationality or religion. Then let us be encouraged, not for revenue only, as some say, but for the betterment of the race and all other nations.

"I am well pleased with the obedience to law and order of Negro Democrats. You have behaved well under the straining circumstances. Bread has often been snatched from your mouths on account of your politics, but you have not disregarded law and order. May you continue to earn year bread by the sweat of your brow, giving faithful service, retaining good character and Christian fortitude, and mankind will call you blessed."

CONGRATULATES HIM.

President Moore's Letter to Judge White.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12, 1910.
Judge E. D. White, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Dear Sir: I congratulate you and commend the President for wise, fair-minded, honest judgment. My race has nothing to fear when men occupy high places that know us best.

Yours with joy,
L. C. MOORE,
of Mississippi.

802 F street northwest.

UP TO THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Bishop Alexander Waters Confers With National Democrats—He Presents Four Propositions to the Democratic Conference Which Are Under Advisement—Answer to Come Soon.

The colored Democrats and the Independent Political League, under the leadership of Bishop Alexander Waters, President of the National Independent Political League, had Hon. Champ Clark and other leading Democrats to call a conference of their party in the committee room of Mr. Clark at the United States Capitol last Friday morning for the purpose of taking under consideration the four propositions of Bishop Alexander Waters.

There were present at this conference prominent Democratic leaders throughout the country. The most intense consideration was given Bishop Waters, when he, in a clean-cut argument, presented the following propositions:

1st. That a pledge be made that the several constitutions of the Southern States which relate to Negro suffrage be honestly and faithfully observed, and that every black man that is prepared to meet the qualifications be allowed to register and vote.

2d. That the Negro be allowed to vote in the primaries in the South, as they are allowed in the North.

3d. That the Federal positions held by the Negroes as heretofore under Republican rule shall be continued under Democratic rule.

4th. That all inimical legislation that has for its object the degradation of the colored race be repealed and that no such legislation hereafter shall be enacted.

Mr. Champ Clark acted as Chairman of the conference, and many expressed themselves as being fully in accord with the propositions submitted by Bishop Waters. A Democratic member from one of the New York districts declare that 60 per cent of the colored vote in his district voted for him, and another Democratic member of the conference declared that he has always maintained that the colored vote would divide and vote the Democratic ticket if he received proper and fair treatment from the Democratic party.

Mr. Clark assured Bishop Waters that he would receive an answer which would be assurance of fair play from a committee representing the Democratic members of the House of Representatives which would govern the Democratic party.

Bishop Waters left the city for New York City after his visit to The Bee office.

NEW SCIENCE HALL.

Dr. Washington and Others Speak.

There was a representative audience present in the Andrew Rankin Chapel of Howard University last Tuesday afternoon to witness the dedicatory exercises of the New Science Hall. The addresses of Dr. Thirkield, Dr. Washington and Secretary Ballinger were pointed and interesting. The following program was carried out:

Processional: "Ancient of Days," Jeffery—University Vested Choir.

Hymn for the Nation: "God of Our Fathers," Warren—Choir, Orchestra and Audience.

Prayer.

Anthem: "Send Out Thy Light," Gounod—University Vested Choir.

Address—Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

Address—Dr. William H. Welch, Johns Hopkins University, President American Medical Association.

Anthem: "Sanctus," Gounod—University Vested Choir.

Address—Dr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Institute.

Recessional—University Vested Choir.

Statement—President Wilbur Patterson Thirkield, LL. D.

Remarks in Behalf of the Government—The Hon. Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior.

Acceptance of the Keys in Behalf of the University—Mr. Justice Barnard, LL. D., President of the Board of Trustees.

National Hymn: "America"—University Band and Audience.

Benediction.

Capt. Oyster.

The consensus of opinion is that Capt. James F. Oyster will be elected to succeed Mr. W. V. Cox. The retirement of Mr. Cox from the Board of Education is to be regretted. Capt. Oyster is the man who will be able to watch the Engineer Commissioner of the local government. It is the duty of Capt. Oyster to accept the position.

NORTH CAROLINA LEADS.

Surpasses All Calendars.

The Bee has just received two of the most unique and prettiest calendars that have been circulated by any firm, corporation or individual. One of the calendars has a handsome and unique thermometer in the center. At the bottom is a beautifully-printed calendar. At the top is a farm garden, which indicates industry. On this circular plate are the names of the officers of the North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association of Durham, N. C.: John Merrick, President and Founder; Dr. A. M. Moore, Secretary and Medical Director; C. C. Spaulding, Vice President and General Manager.

The second calendar is three feet by six, with a beautiful landscape, showing the sun setting in the western skies and a canal boat about to pass through the locks. On the left side of the canal at the head of the locks is an old-fashioned house and two massive trees. The house shows a bright light at the window.

These calendars show the enterprise, thrift and business ability of this great insurance organization. The officers of this association are all honorable and upright business men. North Carolina is famous for producing great men of industry. This insurance company is the greatest and most successful association in the United States. The men at the head of it know how to conduct and manage the business. The Bee congratulates the association on its success and extends its thanks for the two fine calendars.

George Hamilton Dead.

Mr. George Hamilton, the genial and enterprising manager of Ford Dabney's Theater, is dead. Mr. Hamilton went to the Freedmen's Hospital a few weeks ago and left there after he had improved sufficiently to be permitted to leave. While he was improving at his home one of his friends cooked a rabbit and sent it to him. After he had eaten of the game he was taken with acute indigestion and died. Mr. Hamilton was a popular and well-liked young man, who had a host of friends. He will be missed at this theater, where everybody greeted him. He was buried Monday afternoon. Hundreds of his friends and admirers were present to do honor to the remains of this well-known and popular young man. Mr. Ford Dabney, proprietor of the theater, who was in New York City at the time of Mr. Hamilton's death, came in time to attend his funeral.

Attention, Teachers!

If there are any teachers who have a little spare time after school hours and would like to use it profitably they should write Mr. A. R. Stewart, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

The other evening I fell into a reminiscent mood. I had been down to Bob Allen's, where they sell reminiscent fluid. Figuratively, I hibernated back to the good days of old and called up the spirit of the old Pen and Pencil Club. Back in those days there were a dozen or more of us who used to write for the colored newspapers. Everyone of us imagined himself an embryotic if not a real Max O'Rell, William T. Stead, or a George Alfred Townsend. We were all gifted correspondents, to hear us tell it. Now and then we turned out some sizzling hot stuff, too, and some of it bordered dangerously close on real live, up-to-date correspondence. There were in that galaxy of bright particular stars Willis Menard, Bob Terrell, Ed. Cooper, Ed. Thornton, Doc. Richardson, Lafe Hershaw, John Bruce, John Paynter, Bob Pelham, Will Pollard and one or two others whose names do not jump up before me on command. What has become of all that bunch? Willis Menard, who used to send stuff to the New York Age heavy enough to break the forms, is still running the Government Printing Office at a nominal salary. Bob Terrell is dispensing something that only the successful litigants call justice; Ed. Thornton has so many babies now he has not time nor inclination to write dope; poor Ed. Cooper has joined the innumerable throng that wends its way to the silent halls of death; Will Pollard is picking easy dollars out of the pockets of those who think they have a right to employ a lawyer; Bob Pelham is running the Census Office for Durand, in addition to his regular duties of assorting the mail; Doc. Richardson no longer signs the Government pay roll, though the enforced absence of his name from the rolls is not in accordance with his wishes; Lafe Hershaw still writes for the Horizon whenever it appears, but that is semi-occasionally; John Paynter no longer imitates Bulwer Lytton's style in his Eugene Aram, for the Colorado Statesman; John Bruce, old "Bruce Grit," is drawing money from the Government up in New York State. Of all that bunch of real, imaginary or pseudo newspaper writers that hung over Washington like a pall some few years ago, not one, save Chase and myself, are still in the harness, and I have only recently "come back." Chase has been going on ever since he started, and the indications are he will be running The Bee even after Gabriel blows his swinenett to announce that the fire department better get its hose out to put out the fire that is promised to consume this old mud ball we live on. That was a great bunch of pencil-pushers, and Washington, the country and the race misses them and the service they rendered. Their efforts was "love's labor," for they received no pay. Why not let us have a reunion of the old gang? Lafe Hershaw, Willis Menard and Will Pollard might constitute themselves a committee to work it up. It would be rich as cream, a dinner and reunion of the old scribes. Let's do it.

* * *

In my last week's matter, when referring to Hon. Henry Lincoln Johnson, a typographical error was made. A sentence read, "He resides somewhere in the Southwest under the personal supervision of Sam Harris on the Jane Mosely." This should have read, "Sam Harris, formerly of the Jane Mosely." Sam and Henry Lincoln are old Georgia boys, and friends of long standing. Sam is as proud of Henry Lincoln as a boy with his first pair of red-tops, and he has a right to be; and his loyalty, too, and admiration for his friend is something commendable. Sam would go any length for Henry Lincoln, just as a real friend should.

* * *

A bunch of us were discussing big colored officials of the past and present the other evening, and the present were made to suffer by comparison with those of the past. It ought not be lost sight of, however, that in any comparison the rank and file should be considered. Since Douglass, Bruce, Lynch and Langston's days there has been a great advancement in the ability of clerks and messengers. Now we have colored clerks in the Departments who are graduate lawyers and physicians, men who are fully abreast of the times, and the equal of the so-called "big officials." And we even have messengers of color who are graduates, and who are only retarded by their color. This is one reason why the big officials suffer by comparison with that great galaxy of the past. In one particular, however, they do fail, by comparison, and that is in manhood. Not one of them of to-day are the equal of Douglass, Langston, Bruce, Lynch and others of their day when it comes to standing up for their people. Absolutely not one that measures up as a real leader. We who have been here for many years know how those men went to the front when a race question was at issue. These of to-day seem content to simply draw their salary and perform their routine duties, but they are not leaders. Those of the past had a following and constituency, and they spoke out for that constituency. They were not afraid of their jobs. But we may never have a coterie of officials here again the equal, man for man, of Douglass, Bruce, Lynch and Langston. They don't make them in that heroic mold any more. I mean no disrespect to the present; I am simply giving full credit to the great men of the past.

* * *

Mrs. W. H. Clifford's Sunday evenings "at home," a la Madame de Stael's salon teas, is a pleasant and profitable breaking of this whist craze that has swept over the city. Madame de Stael surrounded herself with the wits and brilliant litterateurs of the French Empire, just as Mrs. Clifford is surrounding herself each Sunday evening with the bright lights of Washington's colored cultured circle. Her Sunday evenings "at home" is far better than the whist craze. At whist nothing permanent is added. These "at homes," where teachers, professors and men and women of attainments gather to spend an evening in conversation, discussing authors and their works, is sure to be an innovation that can be followed with profit. Prof. Ernest Just last Sunday evening talked most intelligently and enlightenningly on Robert Louis Stevenson. I believe the innovation will become popular.

* * *

I dropped into Walter Pinchback's the other evening, which is a perfectly natural thing for every colored man who promenades the Rialto—14th street—for Walter has such an inviting place. Walter is one of the few colored clerks who has had the nerve to resign a place under the Government to take a chance at making more money on the outside. And he deserves a whole lot of credit for furnishing the genteel colored men of this city a pleasant retreat, where they can go and chase the ivories over the green cloth. Every evening the place is filled with an orderly, intelligent crowd of the best in Washington's colored male set. They say that Walter is soon to form a law partnership with Tom Beckett. These two would make a rattling good team. Both are as bright as a nickel-plated urn, as clear of vision as an Indian scout, and as energetic and ambitious as you find them. They ought to do well. I will wager my white duck suit that they will not take their cases to white lawyers to try for them.

* * *

There's a rumor floating around that we are to have another colored newspaper in Washington—a bi-weekly. The rumor goes that the new paper will be issued twice a week, and if successful, will be merged into a daily. I can tell you now, there will be no daily. Washington has all the colored newspapers it can stand. What is in need is sufficient race pride to help make better those we have got, instead of crowding the mourner's bench. If colored firms would advertise in those we have got and subscribers would pay up their subscriptions to those already in the field there would be no need to complain. A colored newspaper can be no more than the colored public will maintain. I hear lots of talk about why we have not a big colored newspaper, but in each case those who do this saffron talk are not subscribers to what we have, and would not risk a nickel on one. They usually read their neighbor's paper. Colored editors, if you give them the patronage, will give you just the kind of newspaper you want. Just figure interest on this.

* * *

Hon. H. Lincoln Johnson has been at his home in Georgia at the bedside of his mother, who was stricken with paralysis. I, in common with all his friends and admirers, hope for a speedy recovery of that mother. Few of us can appreciate fully how dear a mother is until the sweet soul is stricken down. I know from experience what the loss is, and my heart for that reason goes out to Mr. Johnson, and my hopes are registered for her recovery.

* * *

I have just learned that the Mu-So-Lits had a distinguished visitor at its meeting last Friday night in the person of a notable English writer who is here studying the race question. It seems to me it would be a good idea for these "fifty immortals" (I believe that's the size of the membership) when they have a distinguished guest that they invite some of the public as special guests. There are a few of us who, while not quite fully musically, literary or socially equipped to break into the charmed circle, would like to, occasionally, taste the preserves they open up. When our old Pen and Pencil Club was a living reality we used to like to show off our guests. Of course, I do not mean this as a 'plaint because I am not a member, but rather as an earnest appeal to be allowed to just wedge through the door when they have a choice article on exhibition, that's all.

* * *

I see a bunch of card-punchers have been dropped from the Census Office. We witnessed such droppings ten years ago, and know something about the wails that went up. But they should expect it, for they knew when they took the oath that it was but temporary. These droppings, however, do not worry Bob Pelham and Ocea Taylor, for they are permanent. Pelham's inventive mind has contributed to his value as a census clerk, and Taylor, that elongated bit of "silence and fun," has made good down where Durand presides. What I would like to see would be Pelham climb to a chiefship—he's bright and clever enough—and Taylor go a few notches higher, for the stuff's in him. I hope, however, not many Hamites down there will find a discharge in their Christmas stocking. They have a lot of bright young colored men there who have been here just long enough to like the style of Washington. And Charley Hall is another colored clerk down there who has been a corking success. Charley ought to be away up in salary, just as he is in the work, and if they give him half a chance he'll turn the trick. There are others too numerous to mention.

THE POLICE COURT.

Howard Graduates on Hand With the Law—The Veteran Janitor Not Cared For.

The Police Court of the District of Columbia is, in many respects, a unique institution, and is deserving of a higher rank in the local judiciary than is generally accorded it. The presiding justices, Pugh and Mullowney, are well qualified for the positions held by them, both being well versed in the law, and hold the scales of justice evenly balanced as between rich and poor, white and black, all getting, according to the evidence, equal and exact justice. It is not generally known that the Police Court of the District of Columbia is the only Police Court in the United States where the right of trial by jury is accorded the defendant.

There are two branches of the Police Court; one known as the United States branch, where violations of United States statutes are tried, and the other is the District branch, where offenses committed against the Police and Board of Health regulations, etc., are tried.

The judges alternate annually in presiding over the different branches of the court. At present Justice Mullowney presides over the United States branch, and Justice Pugh over the District branch. The cases in the United States branch are prepared by U. S. District Attorney Given, whose office is located in the southwest corner of the third floor in the Police Court. On the floor above, in the same corner, is the office of the Deputy United States Marshal. Adjacent to the Marshal's office is U. S. Special District Attorney Cobb's office. The Police Trial Board occupies a large room on the same floor, and it is in that room where officers have to go through the same ordeal that they subject others to. The Probation Officers for the Police Court also have comfortable quarters in the same building. The only one who is not properly provided with comfortable quarters is the old veteran janitor, Jim Hughes, who, when in the old Court House, received allowance on salary by reason of living quarters in the old Webster Building, but whose salary now is the same, minus the quarters.

"Uncle Jimmy," as he is affectionately known by all doing business with the Court, receives less pay than the matron, whose chief duty consists in distributing a few face towels.

There is another attractive feature about the Police Court; to wit, the legal lights, those who constitute the regular force, and lesser lights, fresh from Howard University. The regulars are early on the ground, some with morning papers containing a marked paragraph of some notable arrest; others receiving "tips" from officers and rubber-sole interviewers as to pending cases. The Howard graduates are always on hand with the authorities, and stand ready to instruct the Court on the law. In this they are humored by Justices Mullowney and Pugh, who remember that they were in early youth ready to accept a seat on the bench in the Supreme Court.

It is a noteworthy sight to see eminent counsel enter the court room with cigars at least six inches long protruding from their mouths and conversing with the Clerks of the Court without removing the same.

Human nature is strong among the practicioners. A few are devoted to their profession for the honor, pride and fair livelihood; others, and they are largely in the majority, are for the dollar, as they invariably ask their clients, "How much money have you, or how much can you raise?" before making inquiry as to the offense of which they are charged. For a study in human nature and frailties, the Police Court has decided advantages over any place in the District.

On the Increase.

The membership of the Public Schools Athletic League is rapidly increasing. In addition to the schools previously announced, the following officers have been elected to represent their school in the Division Leagues:

Military Road School—President, Henry H. Clark; Vice President, A. A. Hill; Secretary, William H. Riggin; Assistant Secretary, John S. Harris; Treasurer, Miss H. F. Morris; Assistant Treasurer, M. D. Lewis; Miss M. E. Shorter, Principal.

Jones School—President, Milton Martin; Vice President, James Jackson; Treasurer, Miss H. L. Collier, teacher of the first grade; Assistant Treasurer, James Martin; Miss A. E. Chase, Principal.

Ivy City School—President, Russell H. Stewart; Vice President, Oliver Mallory; Secretary, Benjamin F. Hall; Treasurer, A. P. Brent, teacher of the second grade; Assistant Treasurer, Miss B. C. Reed; J. W. Cromwell, Principal.

Ambush School—President, George E. Moore; Vice President, Clarence J. Minor; Secretary, William Harris; Assistant Secretary, G. William Peterson; Treasurer, Percy Washington; Assistant Treasurer, S. D. Matthews, teacher of the third grade; Miss A. V. Shorter, Principal.

The Thirteenth division held a Division League meeting on Dec. 13. The Division League meeting of the Twelfth division was held Dec. 15.

New Business League.

There is a movement on foot to organize a new Negro Business League, to consist of real business men. At a conference of leading colored business men it was decided to enroll none but men in actual business. Sundown lawyers, doctors, etc., will be barred from membership.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

It is said Prof. W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, has been invited to become a member of the Authors' Club, an exclusive London organization.

Chief Wagner, of the Fire Department of this city, received a check for $100 from Henry Xander, of 909 Seventh street northwest, for the Firemen's Relief Association, and congratulating them for their efficient work in extinguishing the flames which started at Jackson Brothers' last week.

John Rauch, Democratic County Clerk-elect, has included, it is stated, in his appointments William H. Morris, colored, to be Complete Record Clerk. Mr. Morris formerly lived in Louisville, Ky., and is active in politics.

The twentieth annual session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference will convene at Tuskegee Institute Jan. 18 and 19. Several topics of interest along agricultural lines will be discussed.

The Salvation Army in Harrisburg, Pa., draws the color line. A disabled colored man, who was a stranger in the city, was turned away, with the statement that their home was for white men alone. Woe for such hypocrisy.

Three hundred and thirty-five acres of land are being purchased to erect an industrial and normal school for colored youths in Atlanta, Ga.

According to his sworn statement which has been filed in court, B. H. Warner, Jr., expended $2,076.68 during his political campaign as Republican candidate for Congress from Maryland.

Associate Justice Edward Douglass White, of the United States Supreme Court, a Democrat and former Confederate General, is to be elevated to the Chief Justiceship of that Tribunal.

James S. Sherman, Vice President of the United States, was elected Chancellor of the Smithsonian Institute to succeed the late Chief Justice Fuller, at the annual meeting of the Board of Regents.

Hampton Institute received $260,750 from the estate of the late Miss Alice Byington, of Stockbridge, Mass.

The assessors of Richmond, Va., report property to the value of $2,500,000 owned in the city by colored people.

Mr. Edward G. Lawrence is arranging to present to the public a colored business directory of Nashville. The directory will also contain the names of all the colored churches and a calendar for 1911.

The Masons of Oklahoma have arranged to build a $40,000 building at Boley.

The gift of $500,000 for the further enlargement and strengthening of the teaching force of Dartmouth College from Edward Tuck, of Paris, a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1862, has been announced by Ernest Fox Nicholls, President of the institution.

Judge Keogh, of the Supreme Court of White Plains, N. Y., adjourned the court so as to attend the funeral of an old mammy, Dinah Hicks, who died at the age of 110 years. She had been in the employ of Judge Keogh for over 30 years.

A medal of honor was presented by President Taft to William E. Snyder, of South Bethlehem, Pa., for rescuing a seaman who had fallen overboard in Hampton Roads last January.

Senator Cullom introduced a bill proposing a $2,000,000 memorial to Abraham Lincoln, to be erected in this city. According to the bill, a Lincoln Memorial Committee, composed of President Taft, Senator Wetmore and Representative McCall, will be named.

John Hammond Hays, the American mining engineer and promoter, is in St. Petersburg. He is there in the interest of a financial American group to investigate the possibilities for the investment of American capital in Russia.

Booker T. Washington, in an address to a white congregation in New York, said: "The friction between the whites and blacks is all on the surface. There is a fair play in the American people, whether the person be white or black."

John W. Hunt, the multimillionaire, better known as the Turpentine King, having laid the foundation of his fortune in that business, died last week in Dallas, Tex.

It was rumored that Andrew Carnegie is about to announce the gift of $10,000,000 to some international organization.

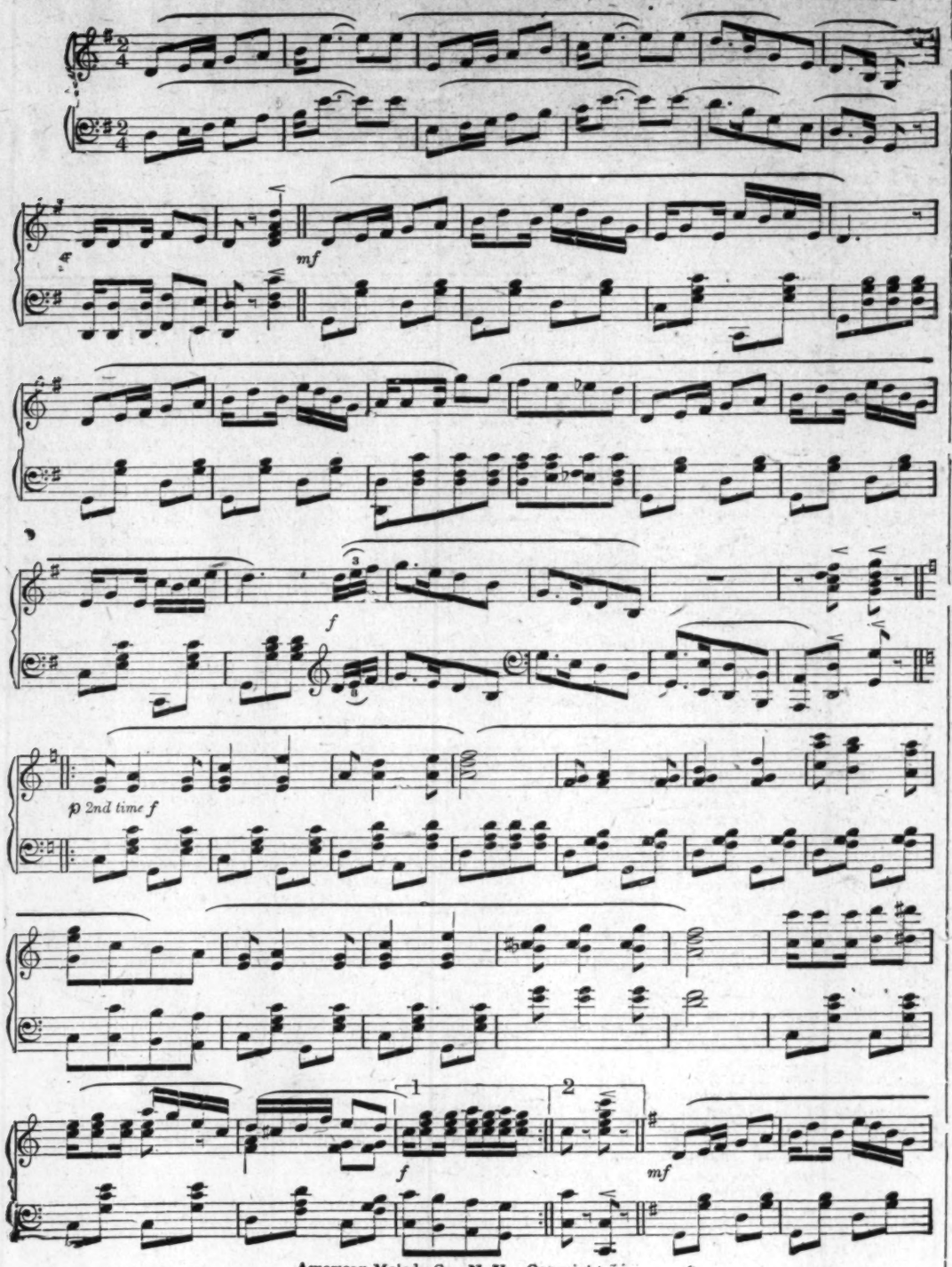
Civil Engineer R. E. Peary, the discoverer of the north pole, has deposited in the National Museum the medal which was awarded him by the National Geographic Society of this city, and a medal from the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Notwithstanding numerous protests filed with the Commissioners by business interests, the proposed ordinance requiring all horse-drawn vehicles to carry lights will go into effect, as the Commissioners are firm in their decision.

Hookworm has been discovered in Chinese, Hindus and other immigrants from the Far East arriving on the Pacific coast. A rigid inspection has been established at San Francisco and other Pacific ports, as the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service regards the situation as critical.

All Mexico City ceased work last week to worship at the Shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, patron saint of the Republic. It is said nearly 100,000 persons visited the shrine. Parties of pilgrims were seen approaching on their knees as they neared the sacred shrine.

SAMBO'S HONEYMOON.

TWO-STEP AND CAKE WALK. F. A. Franklin

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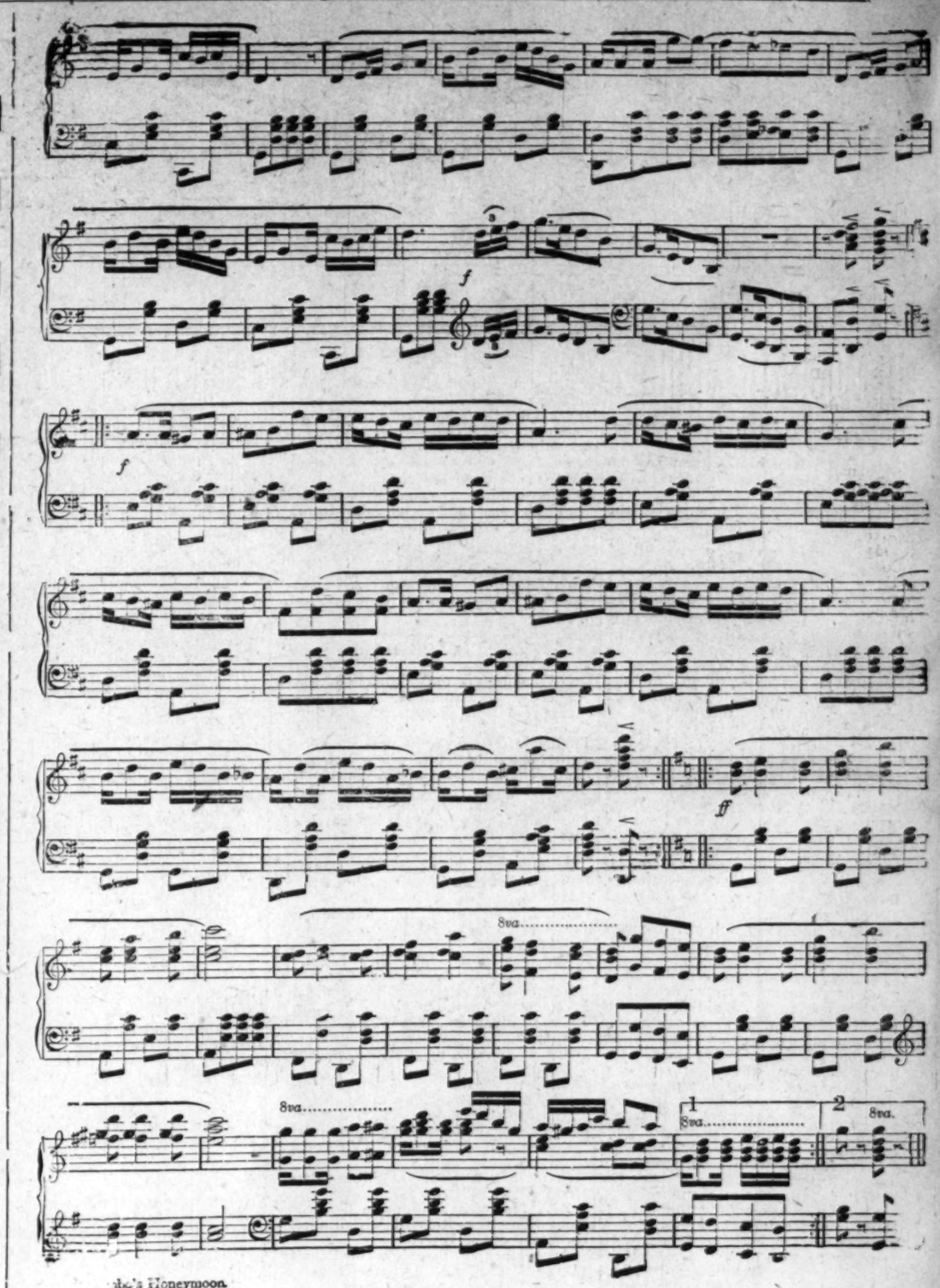

Kenyon $15 Men's Suits

When you seek economy, ask your merchant to show you this $15 Suit. Compare it with one that costs $25, and see wherein lies the difference. It does not lie in the wearing qualities, surely not in the style and fit. The great difference is one of price, caused by more than one reason—made in the largest factories of their kind in the world.

C. Kenyon Co., 23 Union Sq., N.Y.

W. B. Reduso CORSETS

THE W. B. Reduso Corset brings well-developed figures into graceful, slender lines. It reduces the hips and abdomen from one to five inches.

Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (*as pictured*) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price **$3.00.**

Other REDUSO models **$3.00** per pair upwards to **$10.00.**

W. B. Nuform and **Erect Form** Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, **$1.00** upwards to **$5.00** per pair.

Sold at all stores, everywhere.

WEINGARTEN BROS., *Makers*, 34th St. at Broadway, New York

"Mamma," said five-year-old Edgar one evening, "haven't I been an awful good boy today?"

"Yes, Edgar," she replied, "and I'm very proud of you."

"Well," continued the little fellow, "I can go to bed without saying my prayers, can't I?"

Patsy—C'nducthor, plase turn this seat over.

Conductor—What for?

Patsy—Didn't yes say th' car was goin' east?

Conductor—Yes.

Patsy—Well, I want to go to th' west side.—Cleveland Leader.

Business Man—Here's a shilling for you to go to the concert.

Office Boy—Thankee, sir. Anything I can do for you?

Business Man—Yes; I wish you would learn to whistle a new song for the office. I am a little tired of the old ones.—London Telegraph.

"John, dear, I am afraid the baby is left handed. In grasping his nursing bottle he almost always does it with his left hand."

"Hurrah! He may make us famous some day by being the leading south paw twirler in one of the major leagues."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Attorney—You can sue him for breach of promise, madam, but it seems to me that it's preposterous to claim $250,000 damages.

Fair Client—I want to get so heavy a judgment against him that he'll just have to marry me—the scoundrel!—Chicago Tribune.

Housekeeper—You're a big, healthy man. Why don't you work?

Tramp—Lady, I'll tell ye me trouble. I'm an unhappy medium.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, ye see, lady, I'm too heavy for light work an' too light for heavy work."—London Mail.

Little Helen—Sister, that new beau of yours makes me tired.

Elder Sister—Why, dear?

Little Helen—He has the manners of a street car conductor. When I went into the parlor last night he said to me, "How old are you, little girl?"—Chicago News.

"Yes, sir, I once lost over $80,000 in less than two weeks."

"Whew! That was going some. How did you do it?"

"By not buying about 10,000 shares of a certain stock that went up $8 a share without a single setback."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Annie, where's papa?"

"He's upstairs, asleep."

"Were you upstairs, dear?"

"No, ma."

"Then how do you know that he is asleep?"

[illegible] going it. He's sleeping out loud."

"What makes you look so blue?"

"Mabel has sent me back my ring."

"Has she? What's the matter?"

"We've—we've had a quarrel."

"But what about?"

"Why, I hesitated when she asked if I was sure I'd have loved her just the same if we'd never met."

He—Do you approve of dancing?"

She—No.

He—Why not?

She—Why, it's nothing more than hugging set to music.

He—Well, what is there about that you don't like?

She—The music.—Princeton Tiger.

"Are you going to settle anything on your charming daughter?" asked the young gentleman with the cigarette and languid air.

"Well, it rather looks, if she marries you, that she is going to settle something on me," replied the astute parent.—Exchange.

There is a bright future before the small boy who, when asked why he had not gone to school on the previous day, replied that he had read in books that great and successful men usually started life without educational advantages and that he was giving the thing a trial.

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John Hays Hammond, Jr., son of the noted mining engineer, has made some important discoveries, preventing interference in wireless waves. His patents, it is said, have been thoroughly tested.

Ex-Gov. Guild, of Massachusetts, in an address to the school children of Boston, said: "Israel Putman created the flag, and not Betsy Ross. She only suggested that the stars be five pointed instead of six-pointed."

William Durst, of Philadelphia, 7 years of age and one of the two living members of the crew of the iron clad Monitor, has received the medal awarded him by the last Congress.

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Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D," also rim strip "H" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Redgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

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GOT HIM CHEAP.

The Way Sir Morel Mackenzie, the Famous Surgeon, Was Once Cleverly Tricked.

Sir Morel Mackenzie once received a wire from Antwerp asking him his charges for a certain operation. He replied £500 and was told to come at once. When he stepped upon the dock he was met by three men in mourning, who informed him sadly that he had come too late, the patient had died.

"But," said the spokesman of the party, "we shall pay you your full fee." And they did. "And now," said the man, "since you are here, what do you say to visiting the city hospital and giving a clinic for the benefit of our local surgeons? It is not often they have an opportunity of benefiting by such science as yours."

Sir Morel said he would gladly comply. He went to the hospital and performed many operations, among which were two of a similar nature to that for which he had been called for. When he had finished all thanked him profusely. On the steamer going home he met a friend, who had a business house in Antwerp.

"Pretty scurvy trick they played on you, Sir Morel."

"What do you mean?" asked the surgeon.

"Told you the patient died before you arrived, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"Lies. You operated on him and a friend with the same trouble at the clinic. Got two operations for one price."

HE WAS EXCITED.

And Yet He Was Making Only a Very Reasonable Request.

It was a dramatic scene, pregnant with the most tragic possibilities. Thus thought a witness to the meeting of three Italians near the big express depot at Fifteenth and Market streets. A man and woman who were delivering a trunk into the hands of a clerk were suddenly confronted by another man, who was highly excited. He approached the woman. In voluble Italian he raved and swore and pleaded, while she shrilled equally excited answers. The other man stood back against the wall, his arms folded defiantly, his head sunk on his chest. It certainly looked as if daggers were to be drawn. The interested bystander asked of some listeners who understood the rapidly spluttered dialect what the trouble was all about.

"Why," was the volunteered translation, "this woman has run away from her husband with this man," pointing to the sulky individual.

"Oh, and he is begging her to return?" was the next query.

"Not on your life," was the expressive reply. "She has packed up all her husband's clothes in her trunk, as well as her own, and he is begging her to give back at least his Sunday suit."—Philadelphia Record.

Baked Men.

Workers in porcelain factories are literally baked, but by some miracle of use and wont they remain sufficiently underdone to live. At least if they are not quite baked they endure a stronger heat than that which browns the Sunday sirloin. The furnaces wherein porcelain is finished are kept at the fiercest heat used in any industry. A chain of workmen, their heads and bodies swathed in fireproof garments, take the finished pieces from the fire one at a time and pass them to the cooling room. The man at the head of this chain—he who stands nearest the furnace—can work in only five minute shifts. In his interims of rest he lies on a mattress drinking glass after glass of ice water from the hands of a small boy. At lunchtime all about the chain of men steaks grill.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Just Tolerable.

Concerning a certain time serving Washington clergyman of whom a visitor was one day expressing a harsh estimate President Lincoln said:

I think you are rather hard on Mr. ——. He reminds me of a man in Illinois who was arrested for passing a counterfeit bill. He admitted that he had taken it to a bank cashier to know if it was a good bill. "Well, what was the reply of the cashier?" asked his lawyer. "Why," evasively answered the prisoner, "he said it was a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a bill."

Mr. Lincoln thought the clergyman "a pretty tolerable, respectable sort of a clergyman."

At Close Range.

"Who is that neglected looking little boy with dirt over his face?"

"He is the child of the noted astronomer who lives over the way."

"Oh, is he? Come here, sonny. Run home and tell your father he doesn't need his telescope if he wants to see spots on the son."—Baltimore American.

His Trouble.

Friend—Don't worry because your sweetheart has turned you down since you lost your money. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Jilted One—Yes, but I've lost my bait.—Harper's Bazar.

Ripe Old Age.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a ripe old age? Pa—It's the age, my son, at which a man is willing to admit that he's not the only dried apple in the pantry.—Chicago News.

The Doctor's Orders.

Mrs. O'Harrigan—Phoy have ye stuck this empty flask under th' baby? Mrs. Carey—Th' doctor's ordthers. He told me Ol'd have to keep th' baby on a bottle!—Judge.

Not to outshine, but to shine upon, his neighbors is the successful man's mission.—Towne.

LATHAM'S HOME RUN.

And How It Figured In Having Him Dubbed "the Dude," as Told by Charley Comiskey.

Charley Comiskey told the story of how Arlie Latham came to be called "the dude."

"One spring during Latham's term of service with the good old St. Louis Browns," said Comiskey, "he jumped into the opening game of the season and won us a victory by knocking out a home run in the last inning. Chris von der Ahe from his place in the grand stand saw Arlie make his sensational hit and naturally enthused. After the game 'der boss president' entered the clubhouse and in that peculiar dialect of his said to Latham:

"'Arlie, my poy, you must be glad that I, Chris, vas proud mit you, an' I vill show you vat my feelings is by giving you the present of somedings for you to wear on yourself. Take dis order on mine own tailor an' go an' dress up yourself.'

"Chris' order on the tailor read something like this:

"'Give to Arlie der t'ings vat he buys, an' send to me der bill.'

"Latham didn't do a thing on the strength of that order but replenish his wardrobe. For three days in succession he showed up at the ball park in a fine makeup, and every suit of clothes was brand new. On the fourth day Chris got a bill from the clothing people for $100. Naturally he sent for Latham and demanded an explanation.

"'Why, Chris, old pal,' said 'Lath,' 'there's nothing to explain. Didn't you agree in that order you gave me to pay for what I bought, and haven't I just begun to buy? Why, old pal, I have only got three suits and expect to be measured for another this afternoon. What's wrong?'

"'Arlie,' replied Von der Ahe, 'you vas de one infernal dude in de pisness, I vill dis bill pay, but you vill yourself go to der tailor an' mit him explain vot I dink of der impudence of you yourself. You vill also stop mit de clothes you now have on an' do no more mit such foolishness mit der man vot pays your salary. Arlie, you vas one dude, an' if you play mit any errors dis afternoon I vill myself fine you all der bootiful clothes you have yourself bought.'

"From that day Latham became known to the baseball world as 'the dude.'"

A Curious Structure.

On the road from Clifton downs to Avonmouth the traveler will pass, in the Avon gorge, a curious structure to which a singular tradition is attached, relates the London Tatler. The story is that a person named Cook about a century ago was told by a gypsy in the Leigh woods that his only son would be killed by a serpent before he reached the age of twenty-one. To avert this he built a high tower and shut his son in the topmost room with the intention of secluding him there until the fatal age was passed. However, by accident a viper was taken up in a fagot to the room to light the fire, and it crept from the fagot and bit the boy so that he died. Therefore the tower was called Cook's Folly, and that is its name to this day, whatever is the true explanation.

An Ignoble Use.

Washington Irving in "Crayon Papers" says: "I was once at an evening entertainment given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, Napoleon, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase stood the colossal statue of the emperor by Canova. It was of marble in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of Victory. Over this arm the ladies in tripping upstairs to the ball had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, etc.

The Elder That Swore.

An elder of the kirk, having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where chfildren go who play marbles on Sabbath day?"

"Ay," said the boy. "They gang doun to the field by the water belaw the brig."

"No," roared out the elder; "they go to hell and are burned."

The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa', Jeanie. Here's a man swearing awfully."—"Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay."

Hats as Aids to Matrimony.

"The wise woman is as careful about the choice of a hat as she is about the choice of a husband." The celebrated author who uttered this dictum may have exaggerated a little, but not much. And allow me, a woman, to tell you solemn men whom I see sneering at the "frivolity" of my sex that often the cleverest among you chooses a wife for no better reason than that the woman thus selected has herself chosen a becoming hat!—Mme. C. De Broutelles in Grand Magazine.

Seeking Relief.

Darky (boarding a train)—I heard 'bout youh wife dyin', Jim. Whar yo' gwine now?

"I's off to join de Mormons. Hit keeps one woman hustlin' too much to support a heavy eatah lak me."—Life.

To speak or write Nature did not peremptorily order those; but to work, she did.—Carlyle.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

One of the Most Notable Scenes in the History of the War—The Parting of Comrades.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation say that he paused a moment as his eyes rested once more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly away.

If that was the very Gethsemane of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. As he rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad, and they were waiting, grief stricken and dejected, upon the hillsides when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. Then occurred one of the most notable scenes in the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bareheaded, with tear wet faces, thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping, cheering him amid their tears, shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."—From "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner."

ERROR MEANT DEATH.

Typesetters and Proofreaders on Chinese Paper Careful.

China, with all its vast population, boasts not quite two dozen daily papers, but among them are the two oldest papers in the world. The Kin Pan used to be considered by Europeans the oldest paper, but it has been issued a mere thousand years. The Tsing Pao, or Pekin News, was first published 580 years before the Norman conquest and has been issued without intermission for nearly 1,400 years. The Tsing Pao has the appearance of a yellow backed magazine of twenty-four octavo pages, each page containing seven columns, consisting of seven "characters."

Two editions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes at a cost of 24 cents a month, and an edition inferior in paper and printing, costing 16 cents a month. It has a circulation of about 10,000 and is really the principal paper of China, chronicling the movements of the emperor and of the court and printing the ministerial reports. It is probably the most exact newspaper in the world. The punishment for an error in printing was until recently, at least, instant death.—New York Times.

Old London Cookshops.

Mediaeval London, besides being a "city of taverns," was famous for its cookshops, such as the place on the river bank described by Fitzstephen in the thirteenth century: "There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried or sodden, fish both small and great, venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden wearied with travel to a citizen's house and they be loath to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat let the servant run to the water side, where all things that can be desired are at hand." This particular place of public cookery apparently did an indoor as well as an outdoor trade, for Fitzstephen further described it as being used both day and night by "multitudes of soldiers or other strangers who refresh themselves to their content on roast goose, the fowl of Africa and the rare gadwit of Ionia." But what were the two last mentioned viands?—London Chronicle.

Sickroom Mirrors.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, sighed and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant has bucked up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror wisely handled is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

His Usual Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

Improved.

"How do you like your alarm clock?" asked the jeweler.

"First rate."

"You didn't seem pleased with it at first."

"No, but it's broken now."—Tit-Bits.

Warm.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—Bohemian.

Crushed Again.

Mrs. Denham—Do you think that I shall be a good looking old woman? Denham—I don't know why you should expect any such radical change.—New York Press.

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CHINA'S GRAND CANAL.

At Times It Holds Water Enough to Float Boats, but Usually They Are Dragged Over Mud Banks.

Of some of the crude and outgrown methods used on China's Grand canal a writer in the North China Daily News remarks: "The junction of the real canal with the Wei river was not by means of a lock, but simply a high and steeply sloping mud bank, over which the grain vessels had to be dragged by the force of perhaps many hundreds of men. It should be borne in mind that in China the look of a canal is not much more like our idea of what that name connotes than it is like a padlock. Amid constant and often serious changes of level, with an uncertain and not infrequently a scanty supply of water, and with a grain fleet which traveled in blocks of some eighty vessels under one officer, it was necessary to devise some way for keeping them together and for transferring them as a consolidated unit with this in view.

"For this reason a Chinese lock on the Grand canal is nothing but a stone gateway into which large boards may be lowered through a groove in the stones, restraining most of the water from its flow, until there is a depth sufficient to float all the craft, when the boards are pulled up and the entire fleet passes through.

"After this the boards are again lowered for another division of the grain boats. In case the water gives out—a by no means unlikely occurrence—there is nothing to do but to wait until more comes from somewhere."

Take one quart of dough from the bread in the early morning, break three eggs, separating whites from yolks, whip both to a light froth, mix into the dough and gradually add lukewarm water till the consistency of griddle cakes. Beat well and let rise till breakfast time, then have the griddle hot and well greased, pour on the batter in small cakes and bake brown.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating $3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes — these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY— RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintly, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1,) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only $2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

Richardson's Pure Drug Store

316 4½ Street, S. W.

Just received a large assign ment of fresh drugs and a large collection of very fine toilet prep arations, Easter goods, and many useful articles, just the thing you desire for Easter offering.

Richardson's Old Reliable Pure Drug Store,
316 4½ Street, S. W.
and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Illinois Hall of Fame, at Champaign, has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless.

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and exceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns.

For further information write or see:

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PUBLISHED
at
1109 Eye St N. W., Washington, D. C.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

ESTABLISHED 1880.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year in advance	$2.00
Six months	1.00
Three months	.50
Suscription monthly	.20

REPUBLICAN JUGGLERY.

President Taft has decided to nominate Edward Douglass White, of Louisiana, to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court of the United States. This is the highest office in the gift of the administration and next to the Presidency of the United States. Mr. White is an ex-Confederate and a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. He served with distinction in the Confederate army, and it is said that he is a man of great judicial mind. It is quite evident from this appointment that there was no Republican Judge who had fought with distinction in the American army to be placed upon the Cupreme Court Bench.

This appointment should teach the colored voters of the country a lesson, and it should be a lesson to every colored American. During the last campaign the Republican Congressional Committee sent broadcast throughout the United States to every Republican editor the danger of supporting the Democratic party or any Democrat; that the colored Americans could not afford to desert the Republican party and elect to office any Democrat.

This is what The Bee calls Republican campaign jugglery. If a Republican President can afford to ignore such Republican Judges as Wright, Gould, Barnard, Clabaugh, Stafford, Anderson, Hughes and many other eminent Republican Judges in the United States and appoint a Southern, ex-Confederate Democrat Chief Justice of the United States, why can't the colored Americans make terms with Southern Democrats and make a plea for the repeal of obnoxious laws?

The Bee has always maintained that the colored voters of this country can afford to do what white men can do. There are some good ex-Confederate Democrats in this country who are not so hypocritical as some Republicans. Republican campaign managers should cease prejudicing the colored Americans against those who may have fought in the Confederate army or may be Democrats.

This appointment is enough to teach colored men to think and act for themselves. If Republican Presidents can afford to appoint such men as White, of Louisiana, and Lemar, of Georgia, certainly colored Americans can afford to vote the Democratic ticket in 1912.

The time has come for the colored man to think wisely for himself. The white man has, even since reconstruction, been thinking and acting for the colored brother. The administration continues to fatten hogs for suckers. During the two administrations of President Cleveland he never appointed a Republican Judge, but the Democratic Judges he appointed, however, were men of the highest character and distinction.

The appointment of Mr. White is a reflection on every Republican judge and lawyer in the United States. It looks like we haven't a competent Republican Judge in the United States, the venerable Justice Harlan not excepted. What Republican jugglery is this?

DU BOIS AND WASHINGTON.

Here are two men who stand prominent in the American body politic, Dr. Du Bois and Dr. Washington. One claims to stand for manhood rights of the colored American, and the other not only stands for manhood rights, but is the propaganda of industrialism. The former has done nothing but to preach his pet hobby of manhood rights without suggesting a remedy as to how the colored American is to exist in this country of prejudice and discrimination. The latter not only gives a remedy, but actually builds monuments and equips them with tools and other implements and sends his pupils broadcast throughout this civilized world to enable them to teach their fellow-man how to exist and be a function in the American body politic.

Which one of the two doctrines will be chosen? Which is the more beneficial to the colored American—bombastic glib, inaugurated by paid hirelings, or a doctrine which will stand the test of flimsy arguments and be a lesson to posterity?

Du Bois, the agitator who dreams of a dark future.

Washington, the philosopher, the peace-maker and the teacher of good citizenship.

Du Bois, who awakes from a sleep and tells a dream of imaginary greatness and a future which shall never realize.

Washington, whose every utterance is a plea for fair play and recognition according to merit.

Du Bois, whose greatness is on paper, and attacks upon those who are benefactors of a race.

Washington, who has convinced the South that the colored Americans want nothing but an opportunity to do and be protected in their civil and political rights.

Du Bois, who flees from the South and establishes his cannons in the North to enable him to fire and bombard those Southern people who are doing what he claims the colored Americans lack.

Washington, who remains in the enemy's camp and pleas with him that the wrongs that are being inflicted are unjust and unreasonable.

The apostle of industrialism is doing to-day what no living hundred colored men are doing, except one, and he is at Durham, N. C.—Dr. James E. Shepard. Are these two men benefactors or an impediment to the race's advancement? The Nation says that they are doing what their traducers cannot do. In their doctrine lies the future greatness of the South, so far as the colored citizen is concerned. The jealous man or woman will impede the advancement of the successful, if he or she can. Nobility of character lies in the hearts of those who are benefactors of the oppressed.

Du Bois tears down; Washington builds up and advances his fellow-man. Which will you choose? Decide to-day.

DEMOCRATIC ASSURANCE.

Elsewhere in The Bee will be read with surprise and gratification, if true, the four great propositions which were submitted a Democratic conference of the leading men in the country in the committee room of Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, by Bishop Alexander Walters, of New York, no doubt one of the most fearless and race-loving representatives in the country.

Bishop Walters makes an appeal to the Democratic party for fair play for colored Americans. The Republican party, while it has done everything for the colored man, is responsible for his present political condition. The Democratic party has fooled Republican administrations by assuring them that if the colored man was eliminated from politics, conditions in the South and the outlook for a white man's Republican party would be assured.

Republican Presidents and administrations have been intoxicated into the belief of the sincerity of the Lily-white Republicans and the Democratic party. President Hayes was the first man to select a Southern Democratic postmaster, and it continued all down the line. President Taft has been fooled into the belief that if he would eliminate colored men from politics and office in the South many of the Democratic States would be in the Republican column. How much has President Taft realized this fond hope? Not only has the administration and the Republican party consented to the disfranchisement of the colored Americans in the South, but have turned over to the Democratic party of the South every office held by a colored man and white Republicans who were to some extent friendly to the colored Americans.

What is Bishop Walters and his followers up against? While they are indebted to the Republican party, they must now change conditions on the political swamp in which the colored voter has been plunged by his friends. To do this he submits certain political propositions to the Democratic representatives of the country, if they want the colored vote that has been permitted to drift away from the Republican party by Democratic trickery, demagoguery and Republican duplicity and faithlessness.

The gunshot policy, Ku Kluxism, White Capism and all kinds of other isms have placed the colored Americans in a position today from which they must extricate themselves by their own political diplomacy. If the exercise of manhood is the keynote for the restoration of the political independence and freedom of colored Americans, let the work of Bishop Alexander Walters be commended.

MR. TAFT AND THE SCHOOLS.

The recommendation of President Taft to Congress in his annual message was unfair to the members of the Board of Education. Because the Engineer Commissioner cannot bulldoze the Board of Education he appeals to the President to recommend to Congress to place the schools under the supervision of the Commissioners. The people in this city are satisfied to have the Judges of the Supreme Court to appoint the members of the Board of Education.

The President's recent message caused the resignation of one of the best men in the city and one of the fairest members of the Board. It is to be regretted that Mr. Cox has resigned, and it is the wish of those who are interested in our schools that Capt. Oyster succeed him.

Why should the President be interested in such a small item of our local government as the Board of Education? Why should he allow himself to be imposed upon? There are greater and more important questions pertaining to the rights and liberties of the people to which the President should have called the attention of Congress. Perhaps his advisers would say that it would be unconstitutional.

There are thousands of colored Americans in the South disfranchised; there has been an ordinance passed by the City Council of Baltimore, Md., compelling colored citizens to live in a certain section of the city; there are race discriminations in the executive departments, and especially in the Engineer's Department of the city government. No colored clerks have been appointed in this department. There may be one, and when he was appointed the appointing power didn't know that he was colored.

The Bee will respectfully call the attention of the President to a colored young man in the Engineer's Department, rated as a messenger or laborer, doing clerical duty whenever his services are needed, and that is often, but the Engineer's Department can't see this. But the Engineer Commissioner can see that there are too many colored teachers in the colored schools. If you doubt what The Bee has stated, Mr. President, ask the Engineer Commissioner how many colored clerks he has in his department, how many colored messengers have been recommended for promotion and failed to receive the promotion, and how many colored men have been appointed since the present Engineer Commissioner's appointment to his present position, and then decide, Mr. President, whether he is competent to pass upon the alleged expenditures in the public schools.

It would seem to The Bee that both the President and the Engineer Commissioner have as much as they can attend to on the alleged Negro question, instead of interfering with with our schools and the Board of Education. Give us the right of suffrage in this city and many a man who is appointed to office to rule the people in this city would not see the light of day.

Whoever heard of the Engineer Commissioner until he was transferred from the army to the local government? Whoever heard of Commissioner Johnston until he and his autocratic power was transferred from retirement to light. But we have all heard of Commissioner Rudolph, and what the people need and our local government needs are men like ex-Commissioner West and the late Commissioner Douglass.

Why is not action taken by the Commissioners to remove those sporting houses to which The Bee called the attention of the Commissioners? These houses are near colored schools. Has the Commissioner called your attention to these houses, Mr. President?

TEACHERS' RETIREMENT BILL.

The Bee indorses the sentiment of the editorial by its able contemporary, the Washington Post, in its advocacy of the passage of the teachers' retirement bill. It is hoped that Congress will pass the bill at this session and relieve the teachers who have worn themselves out in the service of the government.

There are several teachers in the colored public schools who have given the best years of their service to the education of the colored youth, and were it not for the watchful eyes of certain white and colored members of the School Board these faithful teachers would no doubt be recommended for dismissal. However, The Bee has been assured by the members of the District Committee that the colored schools will very shortly be relieved of their burden, and the colored teachers will be able to breathe the air of freedom and independence. The Bee assured the members of the District Committee that the relief cannot come too soon. The colored teachers have no complaint to make against the Board of Education or Mr. Stuart.

A bill will be presented in the House to place the colored schools under the supervision of Mr. Stuart, and the supervising principals will then report to Mr. Stuart and the principals of buildings report to the supervising principals, which will be one of the best acts of this present Congress. It is hoped that every Congressman will vote for the retirement bill.

CHURCH REFORM.

The habit of reading entertainment notices out in church every Sunday morning should be stopped by the ministers of the churches. This is a necessary reform that should be inaugurated at once. Notices of entertainments, such as fairs, lectures, etc., should be printed in the newspapers. This would get the colored people in the habit of looking to the newspapers for their church frolics, instead of taxing morning services by having notices read. Such ministers as Dr. Brooks, Dr. Corrothers, Dr. Norman, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Grimkie, Dr. Ray, Dr. Clair, Dr. Hayes and other ministers should put a stop to it. Who will start the movement?

A Curious Document.

Under the above caption, the New York Sun of last Friday carried the following editorial:

"The laurels of Booker T. Washington seem to make much too loud a rustling in the ears of some other colored citizens. Such is the first thought after reading the address published yesterday to Great Britain and Europe, signed by a number of more or less conspicuous Negroes. If we may say so with no suspicion of impertinence, the tone of the document is that of the 'exes,' a class much given to crying 'Ichabod' and mourning over the wickedness of the times. Among the signers are a 'former chairman,' a 'former clerk of court,' a 'late United States Consul,' a 'former Alderman,' a 'man for six years member of the Legislature of Ohio,' an 'ex-Consul,' an 'ex-member of Congress.' And there are two or three editors of colored papers and heads of colored organizations, naturally, if unconsciously, inclined to magnify the grievances of their clients.

"Irrespective of the propriety of looking to foreign sources for help which they cannot give, there is an ironic bitterness in appealing to Englishmen, whose color blindness is so notorious in Egypt and India, for instance.

"All this is mostly matter of taste. As to the substance of the grievances complained of—and there are real and great grievances—not all of them are peculiar to the colored race. Lynching is a National diversion. The kind entertainment of 'scabs' is not confined to colored 'scabs.' This momentous race problem, economic, political, social, affecting the whites even more than the blacks, is not advanced toward a settlement by heated rhetoric; nor is public respect, now felt by all intelligent and thoughtful whites for all industrious and useful colored citizens of good will, to be increased by a peevish and fruitless wailing on the part of any of them. By diligence, by orderliness, by thrift, they will rise, and they are rising. However intellectual, however accomplished these uninvited spokesmen may be, they are not helping their cause. By patience and perseverance and energy, not by impotent lamentations, is the work of toleration, of political equality, of education, of religious and moral elevation and of material prosperity to be carried on and accomplished."

WHY WAS IT THUS?

What the People Would Like to Know.

Why R. C. Bruce does not send in his resignation to avoid any further embarrassment of the Board of Education.

If the Board has not already done a lion's part by this young man.

If he desires the Board to give him a lease for life.

Why the schools were flooded with Burrell tickets, while those for a more worthy cause were excluded.

If the T. B. A. does not need the support of the Assistant-Superintendent also.

A COUPON SALE AT SELINGER'S

These priees are good for tomorrow only, and will only be given when the ad is presented at the time of purchase.

This Coupon and 50c

Entitles the Bearer to a

COLOGNE BOTTLE

Covered with Sterling Silver inlay. Regular $1.00 value.

This Coupon and $1.75

Entitles the Bearer to a Pair of

SOLID GOLD CUFF LINKS

Plain tops for monograms, as illustrated. Regular price, $3.50.

These Prices Hold Good With Coupon

Solid Gold Signet Ring; like cut and beautifully finished—can't be duplicated at the price. **$1.75**

Gentlemen's Solid Gold Signet Ring; very handsomely carved; only **$3.75**

This Solid Gold Signet Ring; Roman finish; very neat pattern; with coupon, **$4.50**

This handsomely Carved Solid Gold Gentleman's Signet Ring, very heavy Roman finish; other designs. **$5.00**

This Coupon and 65c

ENTITLES THE BEARER TO A

Krementz Solid Gold COLLAR BUTTON

Sold the world over at $1.00. Made in one piece and guaranteed against breakage.

This Coupon and 50c

Entitles the Bearer to a Set of

CUT GLASS Salt and Pepper Shakers

—with sterling silver tops. $1.00 values.

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The Egyptian Diamond Jewelry Company

Sole Distributors of the Egyptian Diamond

The only guaranteed Satisfactory Substitute for the Diamond

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DIAMONDS

Read our written guarantee given to every purchaser.

This Ring is Warranted Three Years' constant use. Should it tarnish the finger, we agree to replace it with a new ring free of charge.

EGYPTIAN DIAMOND JEWELRY CO.,

602 Ninth Street N. W. Washington, D. C.

This astounding cut in our prices of **Xmas Goods** defies all precedents. Nothing gratifies a human being's vanity as jewelry does.

Therefore it is the Xmas gift that pleases the most.

Since the discovery of that wonderful **Egyptian Diamond**, with its dazzling, enduring brilliancy and blue-white color, it has been considered nothing short of folly to pay the prices of so-called real diamonds.

The **Egyptian Diamond** is equally as brilliant and has baffled many an expert.

Tens of thousands of our wealthiest and most fastidious women are to-day wearing **Egyptian Diamonds.**

They are guaranteed to be perfect cut, and as sparklers can't be beat.

Other stones have been tried, but none other has even been accepted as a good substitute for precious gems.

The cost is but a trifle.

We tell you nothing but the truth.

Our wonderful success is proof positive of our fair and square dealings.

Prices marked on everything for you to see.

Our stock is unlimited and our assortment will amaze you. You will be sure to find just what you wish.

You are cordially invited to see our **Xmas Goods** before you buy elsewhere.

$1.00 BROOCHES, 25c—125 designs. Well made, highly finished and dazzling Brooches; all of the latest designs; strong and durable. Our special price, 25c. Set with perfect cut stones. Very brilliant. Any stone which drops off for any cause whatsoever we will replace free of charge.

FOUNTAIN PEN—GUARANTEED ONE YEAR

14-Karat Solid Gold Pen Points.

Every Fountain Pen is fully guaranteed for one year. You can always depend on it. If out of order any time we will adjust it free of charge. Come and see our display of Fountain Pens.

No. 11, $2.50. Reduced to **$1.00.** No. 12, $4.00. Reduced to **$2.00.**
No. 14, $3.00. Reduced to **$1.50.** No. 15, $5.00. Reduced to **$2.25.**

14-K Solid Gold Diamond Point Safety Clips, black hard rubber, guaranteed one year. Value $1.75. **Our special price**.....69c

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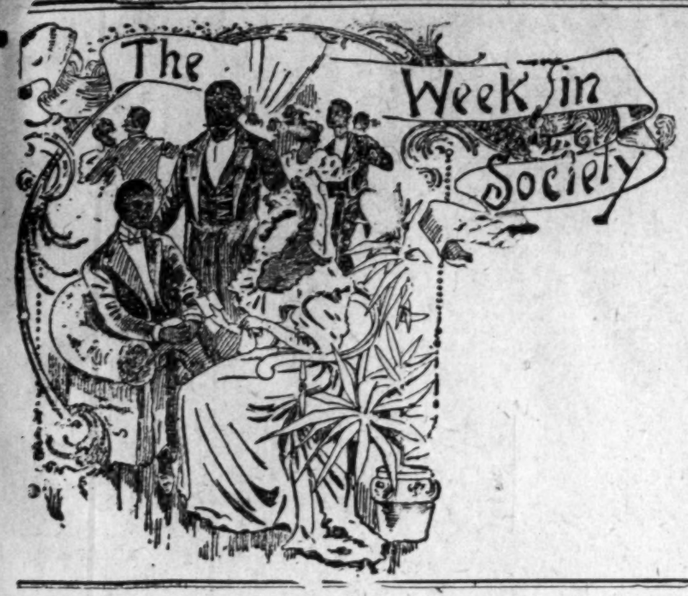

Going down town? No; not when I can get the richest and most artistic boxes of fine fresh candies, dainty and lasting perfumery, high-grade post cards, fine cigars and novelties at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ 14th street northwest.

Mrs. A. P. Cowles, of Buffalo, N. Y., is spending a few days in this city with Miss Susan B. Cook in Howard place.

Mrs. Janie Miller Pierce has returned to this city after a very pleasant visit to Philadelphia, Pa., with Miss Ella Still.

Mrs. Alice Tucker has returned to her home in Morton, Pa., after an enjoyable trip to this city.

Mrs. James H. Meriwether announces the marriage of her daughter, Miss Nellie Meriwether, on Saturday, Dec. 24, 1910. No cards.

Miss Ida Freeman entertained quietly on Sunday, Dec. 11, 1910, at tea Miss Nellie Meriwether and Mr. E. B. Henderson.

Mrs. John Wienn entertained a few friends at her residence in Cincinnati, Ohio, last Sunday in honor of Mrs. Carrie Curry, of this city.

The principals and teachers of the M Street High School and Armstrong Technical entertained the members of the football teams of the two schools at Martin's Cafe on Friday evening, Dec. 9.

Rev. Dr. Fisher, of Chicago, Ill., spent a few days in this city on business. During his stay he was at the home of Mrs. James, 944 T street.

Miss Evelyn Perkins, of this city, and Mr. Shelton, of Louise, Va., were recently joined in matrimony at Louise.

Mrs. M. D. Givens, of New York, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lofton.

Crowds are taking advantage of the anniversary sale now going on at the Board & McGuire Pharmacy, 1912½ 14th street. Bargains and Christmas presents galore.

Mr. Lucas, husband of Mrs. Alice Lucas, is in the city for the holidays.

A grand reception and presentation was given by Ionic Lodge, No. 17, F. A. A. M., at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening last. Hon. W. S. Vernon presented Grand Masters' apron to Nelson E. Wetherless, Grand Master of Masons for the District of Columbia.

Mrs. Sarah Ferguson Smith has returned to her home in Jersey City, N. J., after a pleasant visit of a few weeks in this city.

Mrs. Farqueina Middleton has returned to this city after an enjoyable trip to New York City with relatives.

Miss Ellie Russell returned to this city last week from St. Louis, Mo., where she has been visiting friends for nearly two months.

Misses Fannie Hollin and Flaxie Holcombe will spend the holidays in this city with their parents.

The name, address and hour persons are to receive on New Year's Day will be received at The Bee office not later than Tuesday, Dec. 20.

Mrs. Middleton has been the guest of her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Middleton, for several weeks.

The mother of Recorder Johnson, from a recent report received by The Bee, is worse. Recorder Johnson has the sympathy of his friends.

Don't forget to call at the drug store of Board & McGuire and examine the finest assortment of the best perfumery and candies in the city from 25 cents to $5 a box.

Attorney A. W. Scott has been invited to New York to deliver an address some time in January.

Rev. E. W. Williams and wife and little Sylvia Anderson left the city last week for Abbieville, S. C.

Bishop Alexander Waters, who was in the city last week, left for New York City, his home, last Saturday.

Dr. Booker T. Washington and wife were the guests of their son-in-law, Mr. W. Sidney Pittman, during their stay in the city.

Mr. Joseph H. Anderson, who has been ill for some time, is able to be out again, although quite weak.

Mr. R. R. Horner addressed the Bethel Literary Society last Thursday evening.

Dr. Harris, the popular druggist in South Washington, is still at the same old stand.

Mr. Charles D. Freeman, Exalted Ruler of Columbia Lodge, No. 85, who presided with such dignity and preciseness, failed to receive credit in the report of the memorial services held at the Howard Theater Dec. 4 by the Elks. The name Thomas should have been Freeman.

West Washington News.

The Heliotrope Circle held its regular monthly gathering Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. Mermonie Morgan, and was delightfully entertained as the hostess of the evening. After a very interesting program the guests were invited into the dining-room, where refreshments were served. Among the many present were Mr. and Mrs. D. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. G. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. H. Morgan, Mrs. Lillie G. Williams, Mrs. Maggie Morgan, Mrs. V. Palmer, Mrs. Sarah Smith, Mrs. Marie Wheeler, Mrs. Annie Boyd, Mrs. A. Harris, Messrs. Charles H. Turner, George Brown, F. Hawkins and James L. Turner.

Mr. and Mrs. Tim Moore, of the Blue Mouse Theater, were entertained Thursday at 5 o'clock by Miss Hattie Turner, of the Blue Mouse. She was assisted by her friend, Miss Maggie Cook. A dinner was served. Mr. Forest Johnson and Mr. George Clements, attaches of the theater, were present also. Mr. Moore by his witty sayings at the table kept everybody present in good humor.

Mrs. Mary L. Turner, the wife of Mr. John F. Turner and daughter-in-law of Mr. James L. Turner, is very ill at her home on Woodyear street, Baltimore, Md.

The annual sermon of the Veterans' Association will be held Sunday evening, Dec. 18, 1910, at the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, M street between 15th and 16th northwest. Sermon by the Rev. I. N. Ross. Members of the Order will meet in the lecture room of the church at 7 p. m., and proceed to the auditorium, where the exercises will take place. C. H. T. Ocer, Chairman; James L. Turner, Secretary; Jacob B. Askins, Master of Ceremonies; Louis Dodson, Chief of Veterans.

Crispus Attucks Society Officers.

At a meeting of the Crispus Attucks Relief Association, held Monday, Dec. 5, 1910, the following-named officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Henry H. Naylor; Vice Presidents, Joseph Manning, James L. Turner, George M. Cook; Secretaries, James C. Burlls, James A. Payne, W. L. D. Wilkinson; Treasurer, Edward L. Turner; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. F. Trumble; Assistant, H. L. Lee; Chaplain, Horace E. Barnett; Board of Directors, Henry L. Bailey, W. J. Singleton, John C. Dancy, L. M. Hershaw, George L. Walton, Richard H. Nugent, James R. Bell, W. E. L. Sanford and W. C. Evans.

Middle Class of Howard Law School Gives Smoker.

Saturday evening, Dec. 10, at Ellis' Cafe, the Middle Class of Howard University Law School gave its first smoker of the season.

The recently-elected President of the class, Mr. O. C. Granady, of New York, was introduced as toastmaster. Mr. B. T. Montgomery, of Arkansas, gave a short but encomiastic address. The President spoke in glowing terms of the work already done by the class, and very optimistically of the future.

Impromptu speeches were made by Messrs. A. A. Andrews, of Tennessee; W. H. Burrell, of the District of Columbia; S. T. Clanton, of Illinois; E. L. Fisher, of Pennsylvania; R. H. Logan, of North Carolina; R. H. Holly, Treasurer, of Texas; S. H. Keets, of Pennsylvania; Denny, of Virginia; B. I. Jackson, of the District of Columbia; J. G. Le Count, Secretary, of Rhode Island; S. J. Manning, of Louisiana; F. McKinney, of Missouri; R. N. Owens, of North Carolina; C. L. Rowlette, of Virginia; A. Turner, of North Carolina, and G. W. Witherall, of Virginia.

The speeches were well received, and every moment, from the beginning to the end, sparkled with wit, mirth and song.

Subscribe for The Bee if you want a live race journal.

Dr. Moss has gotten in a new line of Christmas toilet articles. Inspect his store, 19th and L street northwest.

Mr. James Hudnell and his family have moved into the new Vermont avenue flats.

The finest moving pictures and vaudeville can be seen at the Howard Theater.

At Dabney's and Elsewhere.

Miss Leona Marshall and Mr. Louis Mitchell, two of the most popular comedians upon the American stage, are at Ford Dabney's. Mr. Mitchell is beyond all doubt one of the master actors as an old man. Miss Marshall since her stay in the city has become a favorite and she is a drawing card. Miss Avon Robinson and Miss Matline Cooper have been at this theater for two weeks. Miss Cooper is a very graceful dancer and a sweet singer. Miss Robinson shows to a better advantage in drama. Her acting is faultless.

Mr. Coleman, who has been playing at the Chelsea, has been making great hits. Mr. Coleman is not only an impersonator, but he is a high-class actor and singer and a lyric writer.

Brown and Shelton have had a falling out and Moody has been selected as Shelton's acting partner.

St. Mary's Parish Moot Court.

On Thursday, the 8th day of December, 1910, the Supreme Court of Fun and Frolic, presided over by Justice Robert H. Terrell, of the Municipal Court of the District of Columbia, held a session in the new parish hall of St. Mary's Chapel on 23d street between G and H streets northwest, under the auspices of one of the church clubs, of which Mrs. Ralph W. Tyler is President, for the benefit of the church.

Mr. George H. De Reef, one of the assistant clerks of the Municipal Court of the District of Columbia, and Mr. W. H. Conn, a U. S. Deputy Marshal of the District of Columbia, acted as clerk and bailiff, respectively, of the said Supreme Court of Fun and Frolic. Among those who acted as jurors were Professors Alphonso O. Stafford, Amplias Glenn, Ernest E. Just, Hon. Ralph W. Tyler, Edward W. Lawson and Chester A. Carpenter.

After the court had disposed of several cases by dismissal, continuance and pleas of guilty, in which sentences were passed, the case of Constance Younglove vs. A. Small Frey, for breach of promise, in which Miss Maud Duvall took the part of plaintiff and Lieut. L. R. Clarke the part of defendant, was called. The plaintiff was represented by Assistant District Attorney James A. Cobb and Lawyer George F. Collins, and the defendant's interests were taken care of by Lawyers Armond W. Scott and Sylvester L. McLaurin.

During the taking of the testimony humorous hits were gotten off at the expense of prominent persons in the official and social life of Washington. The audience was an enthusiastic one, and everyone seemed well pleased and voted the trial a grand success. Free refreshments were afterward served to all present by the ladies of the church.

Athletic Meet.

The large athletic meet which is being arranged by the Public Schools Athletic League will be the greatest achievement yet undertaken by the body of teachers in our public schools. The teachers will be assisted by the T. B. and A. A. and the I. S. A. A. There is much work to be done, and the various committees are working with a vim and determination which bespeaks nothing but success for the undertaking. The meet will be held in Convention Hall the latter part of February or the beginning of March. The first step toward the success of the affair is the launching of a campaign to secure patrons of the meet. Each patron will devote $2 to the meet and will in turn receive $2.50 worth of tickets in any portion of the hall which he may select.

The following schools announce their officers to represent their school in the Division League:

Logan School—James T. Stokes, President; Lawrence Quander, Vice President; Thomas E. Barton, Secretary; Clinton Wooding, Assistant Secretary; Miss J. R. Bush, teacher of the seventh grade, Treasurer; Miss D. E. Smith, Assistant Treasurer; Mrs. M. E. Tucker, Principal.

Montgomery School—Neville Waters, President; Marshall Owens, Vice President; James Brown, Secretary; Miss F. S. Bruce, Principal, Treasurer; Miss Louise Williams, Assistant Treasurer.

Garnet School—Warren Walker, President; Girard Edmunds, Vice President; Benjamin Parker, ecretary; Miss E. E. Perry, teacher of the fifth grade, Treasurer; Robert Douglass, Assistant Treasurer.

Randall School—Oscar Randall, President; Ruby Davis, Vice President; Genevieve Turner, Secretary; Miss S. E. Jackson, Treasurer; Ethel Turner, Assistant Treasurer.

Slater School—Morton Taliaferro, President; Ambrose Johnson, Vice President; James Wright, Secretary; Miss M. E. Randolph, teacher of the fifth grade, Treasurer; Frank Webster, Assistant Treasurer.

Langston School—Rovert Ford, President; Clarence Gilmore, Vice President; Ralph McKinney, Secretary; Miss R. E. Tolliver, teacher of the fifth grade, Treasurer; Ralph Barberm, Assistant Treasurer.

Reh's Pharmacy.

Reh's Pharmacy, New Jersey avenue and M streets northwest, is one of the best in that section of the city. Mr. Reh is a Washingtonian and has been in the drug business for 15 years. He has accommodating clerks and he himself personally sees that his patrons are well and promptly waited on. In the business world he stands high.

An Opportunity.

I can start any honest, energetic boy or girl in a pleasant and profitable business if they are willing to do a little work after school hours. For information write Mr. A. R. Stewart, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

THE NEGROES' APPEAL.

A Misguided Attempt to Do in a Day the Work of Generations.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir—A scant 50 years ago the negro in the United States was a slave, regarded by the community at large as an overgrown child whose only duty was to earn his subsistence under the guidance of his master and whose privileges were such as this master chose to grant him. His color was the badge of his status, the mark of his subservient condition. To-day before the law, by statutes enacted by the same masterful white man, the negro is made legally his equal. His testimony is as valid, his property rights are as sacred, his privilege of travel, of circulation, of personal movement is legally the same as that of the man who a generation ago held him as a chattel.

And this immense change in the condition of the negro has not been made for a few individuals of exceptionable ability alone, as a reward for acknowledged merit, but applies to millions. In the history of the world is there a record of such a marvelous change in the status not alone of slaves, but of slaves marked by brand of race from their masters?

That in all instances exact justice should be meted out to the negro is not to be expected. Human beings are necessarily fallible. Even among the most civilized white communities all manner of mistakes are made and wrongs inflicted, but the general course of affairs is upward to a greater morality and higher standard of right and justice, and as an accepted axiom the negro must necessarily profit by the movement, for the laws made and accepted by the nation apply to him as well as to all other beings. The negro has profited in an eminent degree, probably more than any other race, in this gradual elimination of prejudice and pride of caste in the United States.

Thirty-two men, negroes all, members of Legislatures, college presidents, editors, lawyers, bishops, bankers, doctors and officials, men of necessity of dignity and position, sons of men who were helots 50 short years ago, not content with the privileges and rights accorded them by their former masters and rulers, presume to appeal to foreign nations (in the letter published in the Sun of Dec. 1) to bring moral pressure upon the very people who have given them the opportunities to become what they are, to attain the dignities and positions which they enjoy. Are these men wise? Has education and advancement in life demonstrated their fitness and capacity to lead their race to gradual improvement and higher privileges?

Is it not marvelous that in little more than a generation the children of the helot and slave should have been allowed, in spite of the racial caste feeling of the white man, to become what they are, to be members of the liberal professions, and to take part in activities of the people at large? What an immense gulf has already been bridged by grace of the dominant race! What an uplift has been not alone permitted, but encouraged!

And because the white man will not, cannot accord social equality; because he will not in a day or in a generation, in public or private, accept him as an associate or equal; because the white man will not accord the negro the same privileges which he enjoys in his amusements, his houses, his hotels, his beds and tables; because it is impossible in a generation to overcome the pride of caste and race, the growth of thousands of years, a prejudice which it probably will take hundreds of years to overcome, if it ever is overcome, these negroes appeal to men across the sea, men of the same race which has done so much for them, to chasten and morally coerce the people to whom they owe all they are.

The published appeal shows the inability of even the educated and prominent negroes to understand the innate characteristics of white folk, their ways, thoughts and social habits. The men who signed it are not wise leaders of their people.

D.

New York, Dec. 4.

Worthy of Help.

Mr. S. Ira Nye, who was injured some time ago in a railroad accident, is in the city in search of assistance from his friends and the public. He comes highly recommended by the leading people of the country. Mr. Nye was run over by a passenger train while crossing the A. C. L. R. yard. He employed eminent counsel to fight his case in court, but he lost. He had his left leg and right foot cut off.

The Baptist churches have opened their doors to him, and it is reported that Register W. T. Vernon will lecture at True Reformers' Hall for his benefit.

Family Thanks.

Spencer Despert, aged 22 years, died Dec. 2. Interment at Harmony Cemetery. I wish to thank my many friends for their help and sympathy in my bereavement, and especially the Northwest Undertakers Company for its first-class service.—The Family.

J. Jay Gould, 421 Ninth St. N. W., has a wonderful stock of toys, novelties and tree ornaments. Favors for clubs, parties and all occasions when you want to give little keepsakes to your friends.

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THE ONLY VICTIMS.

An Amusing Adventure In the Surf on the West Coast of Africa Told by a Traveler.

West Africa is known to all navigators for its few harbors and its heavy surf, which at certain seasons rages like a battle, defying the white man who would approach its shores. The author of "The Jungle Folk of Africa," Mr. R. H. Milligan, tells of a successful, and to the observers an amusing, effort to reach shore at a point where the surf did not seem to be impossible.

One day when the beach seemed much better than usual the captain and the ship's surgeon ventured ashore. The captain afterward narrated the adventure of their landing to a small but enthusiastic audience. He said that after waiting outside the surf half an hour the headman suddenly gave the order, and in a moment they were in the breakers, riding on the top of one of them and speeding toward the shore at the rate of "seventy miles an hour."

The captain was in the bow of the boat, well braced and cushioned. But when the boat struck the beach with the force of a railway collision the doctor was thrown violently over two thwarts into the captain's bosom, whom he clasped about the neck with a steel-like grip.

The next moment another breaker picked the boat up and hurled it upon the beach, throwing both captain and doctor to a perfectly safe distance, where they sprawled upon the sand. The doctor, still hugging the captain's neck and very much frightened, exclaimed:

"Oh, captain, dear captain, is there anybody killed but you and me?"

BRAVE SOLDIERS.

Sacrificed Their Lives In an Attempt to Save the Colors.

In days gone by the Zulus were the boldest fighters among all the natives of South Africa, and it was not until they had been defeated in several battles that they would live in peace with white people.

In 1878 15,000 of the Zulus attacked and killed a regiment of British soldiers, and a most heroic deed was the attempt made by three British soldiers to save the two flags, or colors, belonging to the regiment.

When it was seen that the Zulus were so many that there was no hope of keeping them at bay the colonel of the British regiment called to a young officer whose name was Lieutenant Melvill and said, "You will take charge of the colors, Melvill, and try to get away from here."

The lieutenant saluted and took into his hands the two colors of his regiment. Then, with another officer and a soldier, all mounted on horses, he suddenly dashed away with his precious burden.

They were at once seen by the keen sighted Zulus, however, and after a long chase the three gallant Englishmen, fighting to the last, were killed by the enemy.

Some time afterward one of the flags was found near a rocky stream, where the heroes had fought and died, and it was taken to England and presented to Queen Victoria.

And in memory of the three brave soldiers who had died while defending it the queeen placed a wreath of immortelles on the staff which held the flag.—London Mail.

Paganini's Cab.

On awakening one morning at his hotel in Vienna, Paganini, the celebrated violinist, was informed that the cabman whom the previous evening he had employed to drive him to the concert hall where he was playing was waiting to see him. On being admitted to his presence the man, after having advanced poverty and a large family as an excuse for the request that he was about to make, prayed the great musician to make his fortune. "What do you mean?" demanded Paganini. "Authorize me to write in large letters on the back of my vehicle these two words, 'Paganini's Cab,'" was the answer. Consent was given, with altogether satisfactory results.

Matrimonial Repartee.

She (in stern and rockbound accents)—You married me for better or worse, didn't you, Edgar?

He—Er—um—yes, I suppose so, my love.

She—Then what are you complaining about? I'm no worse than the average married woman, I can assure you!

He (meekly)—Well, if that is the case, all I've got to say is I'm mighty glad—

She (breaking in)—Glad?

He—Yes. Glad I'm not a polygamist. Er—um—looks a trifle squally over to the northeast, doesn't it, Miranda?—New York Times.

Lincoln on Money.

"Lincoln," said a senator at a banquet in Washington, "had no great admiration for mere financial success.

"'Financial success,' Lincoln once said, 'is purely metallic. The man who attains it has four metallic attributes—gold in his palm, silver on his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart.'"

Diplomacy.

"Why do you insist on underrating the kind of golf you play?"

"Because," answered the wise official, "there is no use of making a whole lot of people jealous and antagonistic over a little thing like golf."—Exchange.

The Decisive Battles.

Some married men will contend that "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the Word" will never be complete until a few domestic scraps are added to the volume.—London Telegraph.

Officially Ignored.

On the relief train that had been rushed to the scene of the railway wreck was a newspaper reporter.

The first victim he saw was a man whose eyes were in mourning and whose left arm was in a sling. With his hair full of dirt, one end of his shirt collar flying loose and his coat ripped up the back, the victim was sitting on the grass and serenely contemplating the landscape.

"How many people are hurt?" asked the reporter, hurrying up to him.

"I haven't heard of anybody being hurt, young man," said the other.

"How did this wreck happen?"

"I haven't heard of any wreck."

"You haven't! Who are you, anyhow?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business, but I'm the claim agent of the road."—Chicago Tribune.

The Musical Gamut.

Guido, a monk of Arezzo, in Tuscany, in 1009 A. D. was the inventor of the gamma "ut," or gamut, and the six notes "ut," "re," "mi," "fa," "sol," "la." These syllables were taken from the first three verses of the hymn of St. John the Baptist, "Ut queant laxis," etc. Without the use of the gamut a person could not in a little time become perfect master of plain song. Guido says, in a letter which he wrote, "I hope they who come after us will not forget to pray for us, for we make a perfect master of singing in a year or two, whereas till now a person could scarce attain this science, even imperfectly, in ten years." The gamut is the first note, but oftener taken as signifying the whole scale of music or series of sounds, rising or falling toward acuteness or gravity from any given pitch or tone.

The Last Straw.

An Atchison man has been married five years, and three times a day for five years, or, to be exact, 5,475 times, he has stepped to the dresser to brush his hair and has had to tip the mirror back to get a look in. While dressing for an evening out, his wife would keep the mirror seesawing back and forth, she pulling it out to see how her clothes hung in the back and the man pushing it back to adjust his tie and comb his hair, etc. Finally, in desperation, he bought a chiffonier for his own use, but one evening he went home grouchy and found his chiffonier turned around and the mirror tipped forward; his wife was using them both. This was too much, and, grabbing his heavily mounted military brushes, he slammed one at each mirror, muttered a swear word and disappeared.—Atchison Globe.

The Conjurer Confesses.

That "the hand is quicker than the eye" is one of those accepted sayings invented by some one who knew nothing of conjuring, or, as is more likely, by some cunning conjurer who aimed still further to hoodwink a gullible public. The fact is that the best conjurer seldom makes a rapid motion, for that attracts attention, even though it be not understood. The true artist in this line is deliberate in every movement, and it is mainly by his actions that he leads his audience to look not where they ought, but in an entirely different direction. Mr. David Devant, who for a number of consecutive years has entertained London with his ingenious tricks, has said: "The conjurer must be an actor. By the expression of his face, by his gestures, by the tone of his voice—in short, by his acting—he must produce his effects."—St. Nicholas.

How Houses Become Haunted.

Nothing is easier than for a house to acquire the reputation of being haunted, even in the absence of uncanny manifestations. Dickens shows us the children of the street clustering round the keyhole of the Old Curiosity Shop to look for "the ghost" within a few hours of Quilp's removal of the goods and the desertion of the house. And a correspondent used to live in a house near the center of a provincial town one room of which was believed by some to be haunted solely because the iron shutter that closed its window on the street side was never raised. The simple explanation was that this window was bricked up behind the shutter to secure privacy for the ground floor room in question—a drawing room lighted from the garden, on the other side.—London Chronicle.

What They Lacked.

There is a certain naval officer of the United States who is very much opposed to the use of profanity by the officers under his command. Indeed, he has been known severely to reprimand in private officers on his ships heard to address their men in profane terms.

The following story is told concerning this admiral's command of a squadron engaged in target maneuvers in Magdalena bay, Lower California. The commanding officer observed one day that the men of his ship, the flagship, seemed to lag behind the crews of the other vessels of the squadron, being the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a maneuver. He mentioned this fact to his captain. Just as the latter was about to reply there came floating over the water from the vessel standing by the flagship a volley of oaths, the result of which was that there was some pretty hustling on the part of the men addressed.

Glancing at his superior officer with a smile, the captain replied:

"That's it, sir. You see, sir, my men don't get enough encouragement like that."—Harper's Weekly.

Lost His Nerve.

Many years ago a blacksmith near York, England, successfully performed the delicate operation of removing a cataract from an eye on several of his fellow villagers, says the London Chronicle. The fact became known to a doctor in the neighborhood, who so admired the blacksmith's skill that he provided the means for his education as an oculist. To the blacksmith the removal of the cataract was no more than a mechanical feat, but when he became acquainted with the structure of the human eye and its amazing delicacy he was so overpowered by the rashness of what he had done in ignorance that he lost his nerve, and with the fear of knowledge he insisted on returning to his anvil.

An Undesirable Audience of One.

In a series of incidents of adventure told in the Wide World Magazine perhaps the most extraordinary is a story from Natal, wherein a lady describes how on a Christmas eve she went into a tiny church to practice a Christmas voluntary when she found a huge python, attracted by the music, standing close behind her, coil upon coil. To make matters worse, she was locked in, and her only safety was to continue playing and so charm the creature. Eventually the lady's brother returned and unlocked the church door. A little dog that ran in attracted the fatal attentions of the python, while his mistress escaped. The python was shot.

"A Poor Poet."

One afternoon Browning went to call on Lady Kinloch and missed his way. A lady was standing on her doorstep, and he asked her to direct him to the house. She could not tell him, but offered to look it up for him in the directory and took him into the house, produced a directory, and together they found out what he wanted to know, and then she came out to the doorstep again so that she could point out to him the direction he had to take. He thanked her, went down the steps, hesitated and then turned and came back to her, saying: "Perhaps you may like to know to whom you have been so kind. I am a poor poet, and my name is Robert Browning."—Westminster Gazette.

A Kindred Feeling.

Justice Harlan of the supreme court was on circuit in West Virginia some years ago, when there was tried before him a case in which principal counsel was a lawyer whose head was quite devoid of hair. The day was cold and damp and the room in which the sitting was had was badly heated. It was not long before counsel had begun his argument that he said:

"Your honor, I must pause long enough to request that the window opposite be closed more tightly. I feel the draft on my head."

"The court sympathizes with you," solemnly assented Mr. Harlan. "The court has the same kind of a head."—New York World.

Ample Reason.

During the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide a lawyer had badgered the witnesses to an exasperating degree and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a meek appearing little Irishman who next took the stand.

"You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded.

"Oi did," was the direct reply.

"And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?"

"He did, an' it was a good reason."

"Well, and what reason did he give?"

"Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself," Pat answered, and for a moment even his honor could not control his laughter.—Harper's Weekly.

Lost Articles Department.

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder, after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say, but I'm thinkin' if you was to find where my loaf o' hot gingerbread is likely thim four red apples would be lyin' right on top of it, an' I'm only hopin' his little stummick can stand the shtrain."—Youth's Companion.

Hannah More's Wedding Day.

The celibacy of Hannah More, the English writer, which gave her so much time to bend the powers of her mind to the interests of humanity, has always been a subject of surprise and discussion. A writer relates this circumstance: "She was early engaged to be married to a gentleman of family and fortune. The wedding day was fixed. The bride and her party moved off gayly to the church where the ceremony was to be performed, only to find that the lover was not there. 'The laggard comes late,' thought the attendants. They miscalculated. He came not at all. A horseman rode up to the church door and handed a letter to Miss More. With melancholy apologies the faithless swain told her that he could not 'take the responsibility' of making her his bride. At the same time he offered any pecuniary remuneration in his power.

"Whether the lady fainted or only pouted is not mentioned, but her relatives followed the business up with such promptness and spirit that the 'dastard in love' made a settlement upon the slighted lady of £200 a year for life."—Exchange.

A Rank Outsider.

The fashionable wedding presented a festive scene. Beautiful girls in gorgeous gowns were everywhere. The bride stood proudly beneath a canopy of choice exotics, beaming in her loveliness.

"Isn't she just too sweet?" gurgled an elderly matron. "But who do you suppose is the man who is always at her side?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied another matron. Then, as a brilliant idea struck her, she remarked, "Oh, I guess it's only the bridegroom!"—Exchange.

Crushed the Critic.

He was very deferential, but he was a deacon in the church, and he felt that he had a right to criticise.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he said, "if I suggest that your sermons are—ah"—

"Too prosy, I suppose," suggested the minister.

"Oh, no, not that, but too long."

"But you mustn't blame me for that," returned the minister pleasantly. "If you knew a little more I wouldn't have to tell you so much."—London Scraps.

To Make a Man Act Like a Fool.

A man was considered a general ignoramus by the concern for which he formerly worked. He came into our employ when we were obliged to take him on account of the scarcity of labor. It was not long, however, before he discovered that the firm appreciated suggestions. He proved a genius in his line, and his ideas were worth a good many dollars to us. I asked him one day why he did not present some of these ideas to his former employers, and his reply makes the point.

"They treated me like a fool," said he, "so I acted like one."—System.

Well Named.

He arrived late and worn out at the twentieth hotel, after wandering nearly all around London to find accommodations, and was delighted to learn that actually the place was not full up. Next morning, however, he complained of the bed, and the landlord stiffly said that a duke had once slept in it. "Perhaps it was the Duke of Wellington," said the visitor, with a sneer. "Perhaps it was," returned the landlord. "No wonder they called him the 'Iron Duke,'" retorted the visitor.—London News.

A Careless Boston Burglar.

A Boston burglar at midnight stealthily climbed a heavily carpeted stairway, a dim candle in hand, when the voice of the unseen mistress above called, "Who is there?" Abstractedly the intruder answered, "It's me," and then all was still. At this crucial moment that Boston burglar, suddenly overcome by the consciousness of one of the worst breaks of his life, lost heart, turned wearily about, descended to the basement, deliberately ate a small piece of cold chicken and sauntered away in deepest dejection from the back door.—Boston Herald.

Hang Your Hat on a Lead Pencil.

Take a smooth hexagon lead pencil, one without either rubber or metal end, and place it against a door or window casing. Then with a firm, heavy pressure slide the pencil some three or four inches, and it will stay as if glued to the casing. You may now hang your hat on the end of the pencil. When you slide the pencil along the casing do it without any apparent effort, and it will appear to your audience as though you had hypnotized it. This is a very neat trick if performed right.—Popular Mechanics.

Dog Spooks.

The phantom dog specter was one of the hardiest of old English superstitions. Almost every county had its black dog which haunted its lonely spots and was the dread of every native. Most of them were regarded as devils, but some were held to be the spirits of human beings, transformed thus as a punishment. Lady Howard, a Devon notable of the days of James I., for instance, was said to be compelled to haunt Okehampton in the form of a dog as a punishment for her cruelty to her daughter.—London Chronicle.

Oxygen and Mushrooms.

One of the government experts attached to the department of agriculture describes a singular way of removing oxygen from the air by the aid of a plant. Inside a glass bell jar, suspended over water, is placed a mushroom, and sunlight is allowed to fall on the plant. The mushroom absorbs the oxygen from the air in the jar, and the carbonic acid formed during the process is absorbed by the water, which gradually rises in the jar to one-fifth of its height. The mushroom now dries up, but its animation is only suspended, as may be proved by introducing beside it a green plant, when it will again begin to vegetate, being nourished by the oxygen exhaled from the fresh plant.—Pittsburg Post.

Fine Finish.

The man who writes thrilling melodramas rushed into the manager's office in a state of great excitement.

"I've got it!" he shouted triumphantly. "I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked the surprised manager.

"Why, the sensation of the year. In the third act of my new play there is a mill scene. Harold Headlight, the hero, casts the villain down into the yawning jaws of two great emery wheels."

The manager grinned.

"Emery wheels!" he chuckled. "Then, I suppose, he has a fine finish?"

"Yes, very fine. In fact, he comes out a polished villain."—Chicago News.

Auto-matic Complaints.

"I am all around tired," sighed the weary auto wheel.

"And I am worn out," moaned the shabby cloak, sinking on the seat.

"I'm just played out," complained the tooting horn.

"That's nothing. I have that all gone, empty feeling," said the gasoline tank.

But just then all were put into the garage and shut up.—Baltimore American.

Sarcastic.

A young woman in London tendered the cabby the exact fare of a shilling at the end of a journey.

"Half a moment, miss," said the driver. "Are you married?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because," was the rejoinder, "when you do marry, whoever gets you will have a treasure. You makes a bob go farther than any gal I know."

Small Quarters For Moses.

Donald is fond of Bible stories. His auntie was relating to him the story of Moses in the basket of bulrushes, when he earnestly inquired:

"Did he ever grow to be a man?"

"Yes," he was told.

"A great big man?"

"Yes."

Donald remarked incredulously, "Well, I'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' busted the basket."—Delineator.

Wretched Man.

See the sorrowful man. The man has every reason to look pleasant. His home is a happy one, his business is successful, his children are good looking and well behaved, he has health and credit to burn and money in the bank, yet he looks as gloomy as a dyspeptic atheist. The day has come when he must give his desk its annual cleaning out.—Newark News.

Necessity Past.

Congress had been asked would it please do something for the Delaware.

"Delaware?" repeated the members, with a puzzled air. "What's that?"

"It's a river that Washington once crossed," explained an advanced representative of the people.

"Well, he got across all right, didn't he?" responded the inquirers. "What's the use of improving the river now?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Hole In Glass.

A hole may be cut or etched through glass readily by using hydrofluoric acid, says Machinery. The acid should be applied in the same way as etching acid, using wax to surround the portion of glass which is to be penetrated. Hydrofluoric acid is sold in wax bottles, as it cannot be kept in glass. It may be handled with a hard rubber dropper similar in construction to the ordinary glass medicine droppers.

A Pretty Kettle of Fish.

When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension.

"I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you."

"What are you so scared about?" asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."—Harper's Weekly.

The Last Chance.

An Italian gravedigger after digging a certain grave put in a bill that was exorbitant. When complaint of the overcharge was made to him he said:

"Well, the corpse and I had a row five years ago over a cart I sold him, and I could never make him pay me what he owed. So, seeing this was my last chance, I thought I'd better take it."

Took It Out on the Boy.

"What, you want a dollar for spending money?" exclaimed Mr. Tytes. "Look here, young man, when I was a boy of your age my father never gave me a dollar to spend foolishly. I was taught to consider myself lucky if I got a nickel."

"Well," protested Bobby, "you don't need to jump on me about it. Tell your troubles to grandpa."—Cleveland Leader.

No Help Needed.

Visitor—I say, old boy, you are the most absurdly infatuated husband I ever saw in my life, considering how long you've been married. You praise every dish your wife makes, and yet her cooking is abominable.

Host—'Sh! Don't speak so loud. I know her cooking is bad, but if I say a word she gets discouraged and sends for her mother.

Official Corporal Punishment.

The Geratsche Zeitung in a recent issue reproduced a "royal decree" issued by the Grand Duke Heinrich XX. at Gratz, in December, 1844, to show that corporal punishment was practiced "officially" at that time. The document calls attention to the fact that "from sunset until midnight boys disturbed the peace" and ordered a special patrol to arrest all such offenders, "take them to the lockup and before a magistrate, and if found guilty to punish them with twenty blows, and that these be administered by two corporals with sticks."

How Tommy Found It.

Tom Jackson said one morning at breakfast:

"Hang it all! While I was weeding I dropped my Imperial Order of the Roosters pin on the lawn, and I've been looking for it now over half an hour. It's gone for good, I suppose."

That night when Jackson sat down to dinner there was his pin beside his plate.

"Bully for you!" said he. "Where did you find it, Martha?"

"I let Tommy go barefooted this afternoon," said Mrs. Jackson quietly.

"Yep, woman is certainly do cause of me bein' dis way. If me wife hadn't lost her job, I'd had a home right now."—New Orleans Picayune.

Hewitt—Lend me a dollar, old man.

Jewett—I never lend money.

Hewitt—Give me a dollar, then.—New York Press.

Farmer—What are you doing in my apple tree?

Thief—Excuse me. I just fell off a balloon.—Fliegende Blatter.

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, judge, and he can drink like a fish."—Harper's Weekly.

"That man has done some mighty good things."

"Yes; I was one of them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Teacher—Spring flowers bring forth what, Tommie?

Tommie—Umbrellas, ma'am!—Yonkers Statesman.

A woman can thrill as deeply over her preparations for housecleaning as a man getting ready to go fishing.—New York Press.

Judge—Is that your real name? Prisoner (who has been up before)—No, yer honor it's my "pen" name.—Harvard Lampoon.

Missionary—May I ask what course you intend to take with me?

Cannibal King—The regular one. You'll follow the fish.

Witness—I saw a man with one eye named Wilkins.

Lawyer—What was the name of the other eye?

Russian battle songs are written in minor keys, and instead of being brilliantly martial are sad, telling of the soldier's fate.

The population of the earth at the time of Emperor Augustus was estimated at 54,000,000. It is now estimated to be about 1,585,000,000.

The horsepower of an engine can be found by the following rule: Square the diameter of the cylinder and divide by two.

Grasshoppers have neither lungs nor gills, but air enters breathing pores and is conveyed by tubes to all parts of the body.

"Are you in pain, my little man?" asked the kind old gentleman.

"No, sir," answered the boy "the pain's in me."

Sadie—Say, honest now, do you like Maggie? Pauline—Well, she's got a good heart, an' she means real well, but"— Sadie—Neither do I.—Exchange.

Waiter—Be careful of the soup, gentlemen. It is so hot that it has scalded both my thumbs.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Moonshine has been found to have a marked effect on stammering. People so afflicted stammer most at the full of the moon.—London Scraps.

"Cool as a cucumber" is correct scientifically, for that vegetable usually has a temperature a degree less than the surrounding atmosphere.

There are at least 214 groups of signs used in Chinese, each group containing from 5 to 1,354 separate characters.

By a remarkable law of royal etiquette which has existed for a number of years at the court of Siam no person is permitted to sleep in an apartment situated above that occupied by the king. A deliberate breach of this rule has on more than one occasion been punished by death.

While auntie arranged the pantry shelves her little niece handled the spice boxes and called each spice by name. Presently she said, "Auntie, I can read." "Can you, dear?" answered auntie. "Yes, auntie," came the reply, "but I don't read like you do. I read by the smell."—Delineator.

The great editor carefully read the aspiring contributor's joke, then, looking up from the copy, inquired:

"Where's the other?"

"Other? Why, there isn't any other."

"Um! I thought that Noah took two of every kind into the ark."—New York Times.

A Sunday school teacher told his pupils at the end of his lesson that he would give them a summary. A little boy asked:

"What is a summary, please?"

"A summary is an abbreviated synopsis of anything," was the lucid answer.—Exchange.

From the oldest known coin, bearing inscription 1200 B. C., to the latest products of the mint, the dates, emblems and inscriptions form a continuous history, corroborating and correcting written history, and give us the only likenesses we have of some of the great men of ancient times.

There is a man in London who is a bit absentminded, but his politeness never fails him. He went to church last Sunday, and when the minister said "Let us pray" he responded in tones audible throughout the building "Certainly, by all means."—London Tit-Bits.

Little Elmer accompanied his mother to church and on the way had been cautioned to keep very quiet during service. But Elmer became restless and said in an audible whisper, "Mamma, when we get home can I go out in the back yard and holler just once?"—Exchange.

We Irish have got the name of being an adventurous people. You will hear the Irish accent in every continent. There is no speech or language where our voice is not heard. We have helped to civilize every country except our own.—Dublin Irish Homestead.

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Ice Cream, $1.00 gallon

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LADIES LOOK! Every lady can have a beautiful and luxuriant head of hair if she uses a MAGIC. After a shampoo or bath the Magic dries the hair, removing the dandruff; and it will straighten the curliest head of hair.

The Magic will not burn or injure the hair, because the comb is never heated. The steel heating bar which irons the hair, is alone, put into the flame of the alcohol or gas heater.

The Aluminum Comb is easily detached from the heating bar, then, after the bar is heated the comb goes back into place and is held by a turn of the handle.

The Magic Heater is also suitable for curling irons, has a cover and can be carried in a hand bag. Magic Shampoo Drier $1.00. Magic Alcohol Heater $0.50. Liberal terms to agents. Write for literature today.

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Annual Christmas Announcement E. VOIGT

E. VOIGT, Manufacturing Jeweler, 725 Seventh Street N. W., between G and H. Established 1880. Telephone Main 2435.

Now that we are on the threshold of Christmas, it means a good deal to trade with a firm in which you have the utmost confidence.

It will pay you to visit our store. We have satisfied thousands of customers—we can satisfy you.

Our new line of jewelry, diamonds, watches, clocks, silverware, cut glass, etc., surpasses anything we have heretofore shown.

Why not call and make your selections, and leave us lay them away for you and deliver at the proper time. Prompt delivery means a whole lot, especially at the busy season of Christmas.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER—Watches—We mention here but a few of our specials: Gentlemen's 20-year Gold-filled American stem winders and setters, $10. Ladies' 20-year Gold-filled stem winders and setters, $10.

Gentlemen's 14-k Solid Gold American stem winders and setters, as cheap as $25. Children's Solid Silver Watches, pin attachment, $3.50; regular price, $4.50. Ladies' Solid Gold Watches, open face, $8.00. Boys' Solid Silver Watches, $5.00 up.

DIAMONDS.—Nothing more pleasing for a Christmas offering than a diamond. We have Ladies' diamond rings, $5.00 to $150.00. Ladies' diamond broaches, $5.50 to $1,000.00. Diamond ear rings, $15.00 to $500.00. Diamond scarf pins, $7.00 up. Diamond cuff buttons, $7.00 up. Diamond studs, $10.00 up. We have Ladies' handsome diamond rings, set in Tiffany mounting, which we are selling at $25.00. This will make an appropriate present for Christmas. Every stone a ball of fire.

WEDDING RINGS.—We have been manufacturers of Wedding Rings for 30 years. All sizes and styles in stock. We would suggest the Tiffany plain ring. The latest style.

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Fine Laces Carefully Cleaned
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JUDGING A CIGAR.

The Only Real Way to Find Its Quality Is to Smoke It—Smelling It Is Useless.

On no point is the average smoker so ill informed as that of judging a cigar. Nine times out of ten, upon being handed a cigar, he will hold it to his nose, unlighted, sniff at the wrapper with a critical air and deliver his verdict in a self satisfied manner. This characteristic maneuver is always a source of amusement to any tobacco man who happens to observe it. There is only one way to ascertain the quality of a cigar, and that is to smoke it. No expert will pass judgment on a cigar until he has lighted it and smoked it well down toward the middle. The first and most important point upon which he bases his opinion is the "burn." Tobacco may have every other virtue, but if it does not hold the fire and burn evenly it is poor tobacco. Next in order of importance comes the aroma—the smoke must have a pleasing "smell;" next comes the flavor—the smoke must be smooth and not "scratchy" or bitter. Then there is the color—rich brown, indicating a ripe leaf, well cured—and last is workmanship—good if the wrapper is put on smoothly and the "bunch" is made so that the cigar "draws" freely and is neither too hard nor too spongy, bad if the reverse.—Bohemian Magazine.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

These Things Read Like Legends, but Are Matters of Fact.

A peasant girl called half witted did promise to defeat the victors of Agincourt and did it; it ought to be a legend, but it happens to be a fact. A poet and a poetess did fall in love and eloped secretly to a sunny clime; it is obviously a three volume novel, but it happened. Nelson did die in the act of winning the one battle that could change the world; it is a grossly improbable coincidence, but it is too late to alter it now. Napoleon did win the battle of Austerlitz; it is unnatural, but it is not my fault. When the general who had surrendered a republican town returned, saying easily, "I have done everything," Robespierre did ask, with an air of inquiry, "Are you dead?" When Robespierre coughed in his cold harangue Garnier did say, "The blood of Danton chokes you." Strafford did say of his own desertion of parliament, "If I do it may my life and death be set on a hill for all men to wonder at." Disraeli did say, "The time will come when you shall hear me."

The heroic is a fact, even when it is a fact of coincidence or of miracle, and a fact is a thing which can be admitted without being explained.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

No Drums In the Middle Ages.

As we come to the middle ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that at first the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practiced for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten, for what there is left to us of the music of the middle ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent.

In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the east. Various kinds of drums, tambourines and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.—St. Nicholas.

An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp.

"What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two cent stamp does not always spur one on to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondent alive is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."—New York Press.

Mantle Rays.

"There are X rays and X rays, and there are also rays from those mantle things that you put on gas burners to improve the light." The speaker, a photographer, pointed to a batch of fogged plates. "I know to my cost that there are mantle rays," said he. "For a month I stored new plates in a closet along with a mantle, and all of them got fogged. The mantle, you see, contained thorium, a radio-active substance that penetrates a cardboard plate box as easily as it penetrates glass. I didn't know that till my doctor told me so last week. My ignorance cost me over a hundred plates."—New York Press.

THE CONSULTATION.

What Her Sister Heard When She Listened to the Doctors—It Was Not Expected.

One of two sisters who lived together was suddenly taken with a lung attack she feared was serious, says the London Telegraph. She therefore sent for a specialist and asked her doctor to meet him. Talking over his coming with her sister, she said: "Mona, I wish I could know Sir Henry B.'s real opinion. Neither he nor Dr. M. will tell us if there is anything really wrong, but I would much rather know."

Her sister replied: "Do not worry, dearest. You shall know everything, for I will go down to the dining room and stand behind the big oak screen and listen to every word they say."

"And will you be sure to tell me, Mona?"

"You may rely on me, dearest. I will tell you every word."

"Even if I am not to get well?"

"Even then, dearest," promised the loyal Mona.

The hour for the consultation arrived, and the sister went to the dining room and, standing behind the great oak screen, ensconced herself and prepared to listen.

By and by the two doctors were heard descending the stairs, and a moment later they came into the room. Walking over to the fireplace, the specialist sank into an easy chair and the local doctor sank into another. Then followed a moment's silence, broken by the specialist, who leaned a little forward.

"My dear M.," he said slowly as he looked across at his colleague, "of all the ugly women that's the very ugliest woman I've ever seen in my life."

"Is she?" replied the local doctor. "You wait until you've seen her sister."

MAMMOTH MINERS.

The Experts Who Prospect and Dig For Prehistoric Creatures.

Mammoth miners are experts who know where to prospect for mammoths and how to dig them out, even as the mining engineer knows where to prospect for silver and how to extract it.

In the west, in Alaska and in Siberia mammoth miners are always at work. They are always unearthing creatures that died 100,000 years ago.

Siberia was the mammoth's true home. Siberia 100,000 years ago was one luxuriant forest. Here the fur covered beasts, with their ten foot trunks and their fifteen foot stature, swarmed. Then an earthquake removed a barrier range between Siberia and the Arctic ocean, and those low lying forests were inundated. All their animal and vegetable life was killed.

The first of the drowned Siberian mammoths was found in 1799 by an Eskimo villager on the banks of the Lena. It was imbedded in a vast cake of ice. The villagers melted the ice, they feasted on the 100,000-year-old flesh, and then they sold the tusks.

Only the bones remained when Zlotover of the Petersburg Imperial museum reached that outlandish village after a journey of 7,500 miles. He took the bones back to the museum, where you may see them mounted today. He bought the tusks from the ivory traders and fixed them on the skeleton, and the book he wrote about his find is still a text book among the mammoth miners of our day.

Safeguarding Crime.

It is inexplicable how those pessimistic carpers who are accustomed to hit all the minor chords with the loud pedal on can fail to see all about them the unmistakable signs of progress and the reddening dawn of a new day in the social yeast. And especially is this true in matters pertaining to crime. There is no doubt that the general standards of crime have been immeasurably raised of late. Nowadays a man can do almost anything and get away with it, provided he can arouse the sympathy of the special lady writers and pay the experts. Ah, brothers, who can say that all this does not make for the general uplift? How can we hope to realize the better things of life until crime has been made perfectly safe?—Life.

Sea Air.

At a meeting of the French Therapeutical society M. Laumonier showed that the therapeutic effect of sea air on the coast is quite different from that of the open sea—i. e., twenty or thirty miles out. On the coast the effect tends toward excitement and congestion and, moreover, is irregular in its action. Out at sea it is tonic and regulating, and in addition the patient gets quiet, a regular life and a continuous bath of pure air. These advantages are not so patent on board great liners on account of the vibration and the smell from the engines, but on a sailing ship they are evident.

Chinese Idea of Government.

Here is a Chinese idea of prosperity in a nation: When the sword is rusty, the plow bright, the prisons empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temple worn down and those of the law courts grass grown, when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback and the men of letters drive in their own carriages, then the empire is well governed.

Getting Ready For Him.

"Dearest, what did your father say when you told him I loved you?"

"He didn't say anything, Harold; simply went over to the gymnasium and arranged for a course of boxing lessons."—Pittsburg Press.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.—Emerson.

WANTED THEM SAVED.

Lincoln Stuck to His Selection of a Hospital Chaplain Despite Religious Views.

The nomination of a Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia, a Universalist, for the position of chaplain for the hospital was not met with favor on all sides, and a delegation of protestants went to Washington to see President Lincoln on the subject. The following interview was the result:

"We have called, Mr. President, to confer with you regarding the appointment of Mr. Shrigley of Philadelphia as hospital chaplain."

"Oh, yes," replied the president. "I have sent his name to the senate, and he will no doubt be confirmed at an early date."

One of the young men replied, "We have not come to ask for the appointment, but to solicit you to withdraw the nomination."

"Ah," said Lincoln, "that alters the case. But on what grounds do you wish the nomination withdrawn?"

The answer was, "Mr. Shrigley is not sound in his theological opinions."

The president inquired, "On what questions is the gentleman unsound?"

"He does not believe in endless punishment. Not only so, sir, but he believes that even the rebels themselves will be finally saved," was the reply.

"Is that so?" inquired the president.

The members of the committee responded, "Yes, sir."

"Well, gentlemen, if that is so and there is any way under heaven whereby the rebels can be saved, then, for God's sake and their sakes, let the man be appointed."

Mr. Shrigley was appointed and served until the end of the war.—Boston Post.

THE GREAT BOMBARDMENT.

A Constant Rain of Missiles Upon the World's Atmosphere.

The regions of space beyond our planet are filled with flying fragments. Some meet the earth in its onward rush; others, having attained inconceivable velocity, overtake and crash into the whirling sphere with loud detonation and ominous glare, finding destruction in its molecular armor or perhaps ricochetting from it again into the unknown. Some come singly, vagrant fragments from the infinity of space; others fall in showers, like golden rain, all constituting a bombardment appalling in its magnitude.

It has been estimated that every twenty-four hours the earth or its atmosphere is struck by 400,000,000 missiles of iron or stone, ranging from an ounce up to tons in weight. Every month there rush upon the flying globe at least 12,000,000,000 iron and stone fragments, which, with lurid accompaniment, crash into the circumambient atmosphere.

Owing to the resistance offered by the air few of these solid shots strike the earth. They move out of space with a possible velocity of thirty or forty miles per second and, like moths, plunge into the revolving globe, lured to their destruction by its fatal attraction. The moment they enter our atmosphere they ignite, and the air is piled up and compressed ahead of them with inconceivable force, the resultant friction producing an immediate rise in temperature, and the shooting star, the meteor of popular parlance, is the result.

A Subtle Hint.

A representative in congress, who is the father of several bright girls, tells a story whereof one daughter is the main figure.

"For a long time," says the representative, "I had the bad habit of hanging about the lower floor when the girls had men callers. One evening I had settled in an easy chair in the reception room just off the drawing room when one of my girls, who was talking to a bright chap from our own state, called out:

"'Dad!'

"'What is it, daughter?'

"'It's 9 o'clock, the hour when Tom and I usually go into committee.'"—Harper's Weekly.

When an Ostrich Kicks.

"The only safe place in the neighborhood of a kicking ostrich is just behind it," said a zoo keeper. "An ostrich can kick a mule to death, but its kicks are delivered at an angle of 45 degrees. Within those 45 degrees, right abaft the 'pope's nose' of the bird, there is absolute safety. On the ostrich farms of California, when the herds are being driven, you will always see the ostrich boys holding on to the tails of bad kickers. The kickers tear along, and their scaly legs shoot out like piston rods, but the boys in the shelter of the pope's nose are safe."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Condemnation.

"What do you think of members of European aristocracy as sons-in-law?" asked the old time friend.

"Well," answered Mr. Cumrox, "the way their relatives boss them around indicates that they ought to make easy husbands."—Washington Star.

The Idiotic Affair.

Irate Parent—Am I to understand there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young ass, Lord Bilaris? Fair Daughter (very sweetly)—Only you, papa!—Illustrated Bits.

For Good.

It never seems to occur to persons who are getting married that they ought to take each other for good as well as for better or worse.—Philadelphia Record.

The tears of a penitent are the wine of angels.—Bernard.

Pedro Domecq's
Amontillado 1878
One of the 19 varieties in stock
A dry Spanish Sherry of remarkable quality. $1 full qt. Only at
Christian Xander's
The Family Quality House
909 7th St Phone M. 274 No Branch Houses

FORD'S HAIR POMADE

THE OLD RELIABLE DRESSING FOR KINKY OR CURLY HAIR. IT'S USE MAKES STUBBORN, HARSH HAIR SOFTER, MORE PLIABLE AND GLOSSY, EASY TO COMB AND PUT UP IN ANY STYLE THE LENGTH WILL PERMIT. WRITE FOR TESTIMONIES, TELLING HOW THIS REMARKABLE REMEDY MAKES SHORT, KINKY HAIR GROW LONG AND WAVY. BEST POMADE ON THE MARKET FOR DANDRUFF, ITCHING OF THE SCALP AND FALLING OUT OF THE HAIR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, GET THE GENUINE, PUT UP IN 25¢ AND 50¢ BOTTLES WITH CHARLES FORD'S NAME ON EVERY PACKAGE.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
IF YOUR DRUGGIST CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, WE WILL SEND IT TO YOU DIRECT AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES, SMALL SIZED BOTTLE 25¢ LARGE SIZED BOTTLE 50¢
THE OZONIZED OX MARROW CO.
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By Thos. Walker, 506 5th St. N. W.

FOR RENT—Good six room house, large front and back yard, on Sheriff Road, Deanwood, D. C., near car line; ten dollars per month. By Thos. Walker, 506 5th street northwest.

FOR RENT—One house on Ainger avenue, Garfield, D. C., six rooms, beautifully decorated; stable, chicken house, wood sheds, large front and back yards, good well of water. Rent, $12.00 per month. By Thos. Walker, 506 5th street northwest.

FOR RENT—Five room house on Ainger avenue, Garfield, D. C.; large front and back yards. Rent, $7.00 per month. By Thos. Walker, 506 5th street northwest.

For Rent.

Double room; furnished or unfurnished. Address 1424 Corcoran street northwest.

The Woman's Exchange. Notions, School Supplies, etc. Gents' Furnishings. 465 Florida avenue northwest. Also News Depot; all papers. Cigars and Tobacco. Phone N. 1168.

Where to Purchase Christmas Goods.

The patrons of The Bee will want to know where to purchase the best goods for their money during these hard times. The Bee always publishes a list of the best houses in the city.

Peter Grogan Sons Co., whose large advertisement will be seen on the eighth page, is one of the oldest firms in this city, where the patrons of The Bee may find anything they want in the line of furniture. Now is the time to call and inspect the line of goods in this store. Everything in the furniture line will be found in this store.

House & Hermann is the next place to go if you are in doubt. No better place and no more accommodating clerks can be found.

E. Voigt, 725 Seventh street, is the place to go for all kinds of jewelry. Don't fail to read the list of what he has, and call at once before the rush.

Sellinger's is the next place to go, F. near Ninth street, northwest, if you are in doubt. At either place you will be satisfied.

Fulton, 314 Ninth street northwest, and Burnstine, 361 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, are the places to go to replenish your pockets. They are liberal lenders.

Holtman's, 491 Pennsylvania avenue, is where you must be well shoed before you go on your tramp. The best shoes in the city for ladies and gentlemen.

L. A. Rodnicker, 1551 14th street northwest, should catch your eye. Millie Bell is prepared to put your clothing in fine trim. Call and inspect her parlors.

The Candy Kitchen, 1506 Seventh street, is where to go if you want to please the babies at home. All kinds of candies can be found at this place. All new.

J. A. Pierre will keep you warm while the cold spell is on. Get your wood and coal now. Call him up, 454 New York avenue northwest.

Madame J. P. H. Coleman, 643 Florida avenue, will make you look pretty and sweet. Just read what she can do for your wife and girls, as well as for the men. Don't fail to see her.

Xander, 907 Seventh street, is the quality house, where you will find the best brands of whiskies on the wholesale plan.

M. Hennessy, 216 Ninth street, always welcomes his friends.

William Cannon will have special bottles of Old Purissima. 1225-27 Seventh street northwest is his place of business.

Mrs. S. E. Wormly, 465 Florida avenue northwest, will furnish you fine cigars and tobacco. Anything your children want in the line of school supplies, notions, etc. Don't fail to call.

Howard Theater and Ford Dabney will give you all the pleasure you need during the holiday season.

Ed. Allen, William Meehan and Sam Stewart should not be overlooked. They are the best people in the city.

After all of this, should you need an undertaker, you may call up J. H. Dabney, William H. Winslow, or the People's Friend. Any of the three will give you firstclass service.

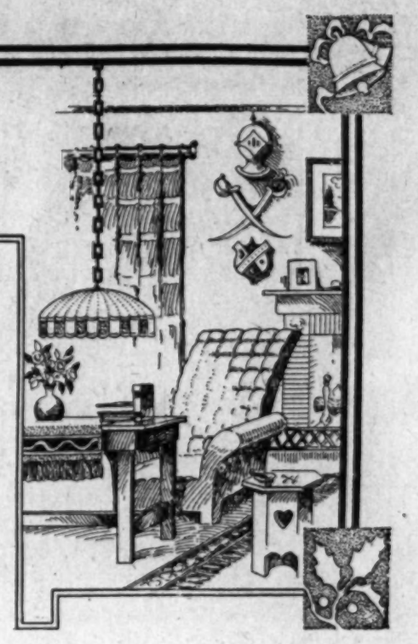
Before calling for the undertaker consult Board & McGuire, Dr. Morse or Gray & Gray. You may not have need for the above if you consult the above druggists in time.

We make a reality of her dream of a home

Home comfort is the fondest hope of every woman. As a girl she may dream of elegance and luxury, but a few years of married life will teach her that just plain home comfort and attractive home surroundings will work wonders in bringing harmony and happiness into every-day life.

Wealth is not a requisite to this end, nor even any considerable amount of ready money.

We make home comfort possible for people of very moderate means.



Just come into our great home-furnishing store and let us show you how economically all that is necessary can be bought from us. Let us explain our method of selling to prove that you can best afford to buy according to principles that we have spent years in perfecting.

We want to give you home comfort. We want to give you every bit of value that your money can possibly buy. We want to arrange an account so that you can have all the goods desired at-once. And we will arrange to make that account payable at such intervals and in such amounts as will suit your circumstances.

Don't get the idea that you are paying an extra price for the help we give. Your own eyes will give you proof that the prices which you find marked in plain figures on every article are no higher than those of cash stores.

Our prices are not fixed according to our estimate of the customer. You needn't ask a price here—read it for yourself on the tag—make your selections without a word about when or how you wish to pay. When your buying is completed we'll arrange the account to your satisfaction.

You may also feel absolutely certain that whatever we sell to you will give satisfactory service, for our personal guarantee means that everything must be right after you have given the test of actual use.

To those who are not interested in the home-furnishing proposition we want to suggest that our stock contains hundreds of the most acceptable Christmas remembrances. Many of your gifts may come from here, and by using an open account you will have no call for an immediate outlay of cash.

The house of plainly marked prices

Peter Grogan
AND SONS CO.

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BUY NOW.

HAIR-VIM is an ideal and elegant hair dressing. Especially prepared for persons who appreciate the ideal and elegant appearance of their hair. It makes the hair soft, silky and glossy, and greatly promotes its luxuriant growth. It cures dandruff, stops falling hair, and prevents baldness by completely destroying the dandruff germ. 25cts the box; the bottle, by mail, 30 cts.

HAIR-VIM SOAP is cleansing in its effect and beautifying in its results. Especially adapted for shampooing the hair, and fills every requirement for use in the toilet, bath and nursery. 25cts the cake.

BEAU-TE-VIM CREAM—Is a restorer, preserver, beautifier and bleach for the skin. Lubricating the surface, giving it life and adding brilliancy to the complexion. 25cts the box.

OWL CORN SALVE—A panacea for all foot evils. One box convinces the most skeptical. Try it. 10 cts. a box.

All preparations on sale at all first-class drug stores. If your druggist hasn't this, drop us a card.

Active agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commission paid.

Braids, puffs and transformations made to order. All grades of hair perfectly matched.

Free advice given for your hair needs.

Hair-Vim Chem. Co., Inc. Successor to Columbia Chemical Co., Newport News, Va.

Mrs. J. P. H. Coleman, Phar. D., president and manager, 643 Florida avenue northwest, Washington, D. C., Phone N. 3259-M.

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Thousands of Useful and Beautiful Furniture Gifts for Every Room in the House

Our enormous holiday stocks, attractively displayed throughout the seven floors of our great establishment, are now in complete readiness to meet your every want.

Practical and useful things, as well as the ornate and beautiful, abound in every department.

Early selection, giving you time for deliberation and careful choosing, will be greatly to your advantage; and we will lay aside, and deliver later, any article in our store on payment of a deposit.

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$75 What I have furnished for
What we furnish for
What we will furnish for $75

Handsome casket, black cloth, polished oak, white, gray or lavender, embossed, plush-covered casket, trimmed, complete, six handles, engraved name plate, cream or white satin lining and pillow; outside case; grave; three carriages, hearse; embalming remains by expert embalmers, who restore life-like appearance; draping of door; directing funeral; use of funeral parlors.

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